

COME WITH ME THROUGH  
FRANCE



FRANK SCHOONMAKER



# *A Graphic Map* of PARIS





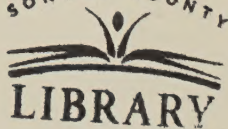


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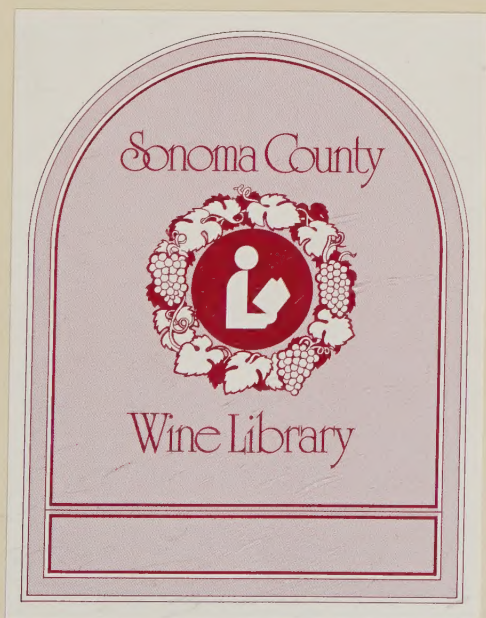
*The Traveler's Series*

By

FRANK SCHOONMAKER



Come with Me Through  
France



BY FRANK SCHOONMAKER

THROUGH EUROPE ON  
TWO DOLLARS A DAY

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Paris—A bird's-eye view of the city showing the seven bridges over the Seine.



# COME WITH ME THROUGH FRANCE

By  
FRANK SCHOONMAKER

ILLUSTRATED



NEW YORK  
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COME WITH ME THROUGH FRANCE

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## Foreword

“**C**OME WITH ME THROUGH FRANCE” is not a guide-book—it is an invitation. An invitation to leave far behind you this workaday world where to-day is so much like to-morrow, to wander through little towns that I have known long and loved very dearly, to look for the romance of Paris streets, and find Adventure on the open road.

All travelers have known the fascination of France. She is like one of those grave, smiling, beautiful ladies that small boys fall in love with. You feel always that she is very gentle and very wise and very kind. Hers is an intimate, man-made loveliness; she is charming, as only a woman of the world can be.

There are qualities and things that we Americans all hope to find in Europe—the leisurely picturesqueness, the small quiet perfection of little countries and little things, the flavor of an ancient civilization—and France, somehow, epitomizes all these. France (to the average American) means Europe, and the better you know her, the more profoundly you feel this to be true. She stands for all that the Old World stands for—she has that understanding and tolerance which only the centuries can bring.

“Come With Me Through France” is not a pretentious volume—you will find in it no historical lectures on the Carlovingian Kings, no learned comment on the development and variations of the ogival arch. What

## Foreword

you will find (I hope) is a practical and light-hearted little book, that tells you what to see and how to see it, and does all this as pleasantly as possible. The travel library of the average tourist is an appalling thing—it contains books on Paris and books on the Château Country, fat guides and thin ones, histories of cooking, and histories of art. Pity the poor tourist! He culls, from each one of his volumes, a few pages of useful information—and he carries around, in his suitcase, some twenty or thirty pounds of sheer ballast. “Come With Me Through France” is an attempt to render this sort of thing unnecessary, an attempt to include, between the covers of a single book, all the essentials of a trip to France. I have tried (and I hope with some success) to bring order into the vast chaos of travel information, to choose the important and discard the unimportant, and to make what I have chosen readable and interesting.

The average traveler has changed greatly of late. He is no longer grist to the mill of Mr. Baedeker and grass to the sickle of Mr. Cook. He has escaped from the tyranny of escorted tours, and when he buys a travel book, he wants something more palatable than a catalog. “Come With Me Through France” is in no sense a catalog—it is, as I have said, an invitation. Nor is it, as was my “Through Europe On Two Dollars a Day,” a book for a single class of tourists—it includes budgets for the poor man and the rich man as well.

The actual arrangement of the material in this volume occupied my attention for a long time. I was uncertain at first whether to begin *in medias res*, by ask-



## Foreword

ing you to meet me in Paris some morning, or to go about it, as I have, in a more logical way. I decided finally that all European trips began with a discussion of costs, and that only when the practical matters were out of the way could one enjoy the really pleasant part of travel. Chapter I, Introductory, therefore, concerns itself with preparations and general expenses; Chapter II, The Practical Side, goes into all the details of hotels, railways, baggage, money, etc.; while Chapter III, What to See, takes up, one by one, the various parts of France, describing each one, and giving an itinerary for each.

FRANK SCHOONMAKER.

*Nice, March 1928.*





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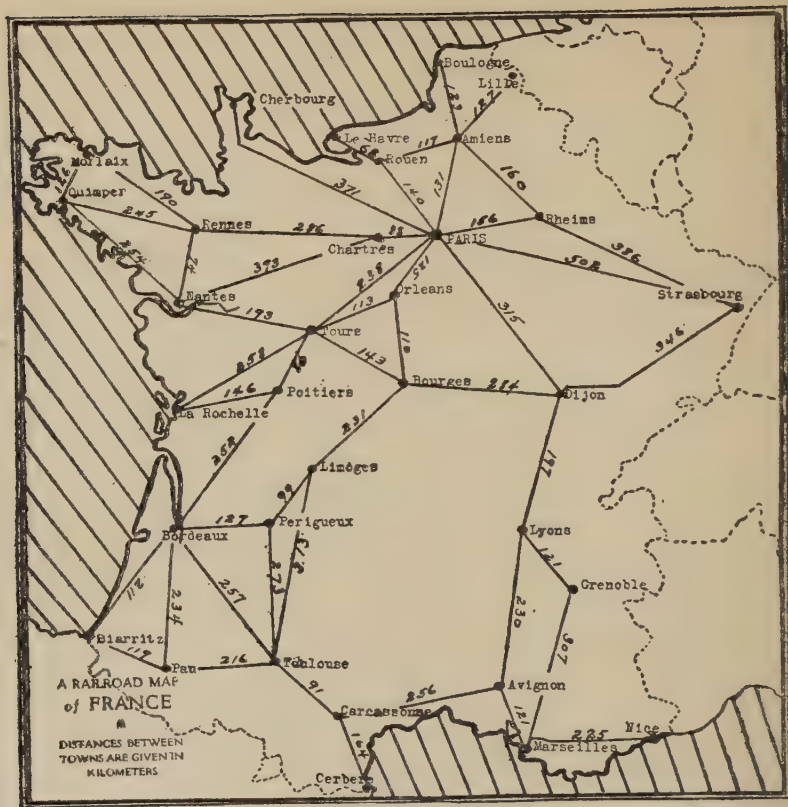
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*Chapter One:* INTRODUCTORY



A RAILROAD MAP OF FRANCE

Distances between towns are given in kilometers



# COME WITH ME THROUGH FRANCE

## Chapter I

### INTRODUCTORY

#### THE COST OF A TRIP TO FRANCE

**I**F you ask a man from Washington how much a meal costs in his city, he will tell you at once that it depends on two things—the meal, and where you eat it. He will tell you with an amused smile that what you would spend for a table-d'hôte meal in some little white-tiled lunch-room, would scarcely pay for Blue Points in the dining-room of the New Willard. But let this same man go to Europe for the summer—he will come back and base, on his personal experiences, all sorts of wild generalizations; he will declare, belligerently, that rooms in French hotels cost from four to ten dollars a night; he will write letters to the papers stating that no one can live in Paris for less than eight dollars a day—when the average Frenchman brings up a family on less than one-quarter of that. So much for Mr. A., of Washington.

And now let us consider Miss B., of Chicago. She sees Europe from the other side. She saves her pennies and does it cheaply. And when she comes back she is

## Come With Me Through France

sure, just as sure as Mr. A., that her way is the only way. If you showed her the budget of the Washington plutocrat she would cry "spendthrift." But she is wrong. Mr. A. isn't a spendthrift. He merely wants what he wants and is willing to pay for it. And Mr. A., if he imagines that his little compatriot sees only the seamy side of Europe, is equally mistaken. She probably has a better time than he has—for she goes abroad, not because she has an idle summer on her hands, but because she has wanted, for a long, long time, to see Europe, and her chance has come.

It is just as impossible to give any one figure to cover European travel as it is to say what a meal costs in Washington. And when a person comes up to me and inquires, "How much does it cost to take a trip to Europe?" I ask, invariably, two questions—"Where?" and "What sort of a trip?" Until you decide these two things, there is no use attempting even to make out a budget.

The American, about to go abroad for the first time, needs to remember certain things and forget certain others. He needs to rid himself, first of all, of that instinctive prejudice that we Americans have against anything labeled "second class"; to realize that, underlying our own surface democracy, there is a class system as real and as absolute as that of Europe. By driving a Ford when your neighbor drives a Cadillac, you acknowledge, tacitly, that your neighbor, whatever he may be in other ways, is financially your superior; by traveling second class, or third, when your neighbor travels first, you acknowledge no more. The Frenchman is more frank about such affairs than we are;

## Introductory

what we call a modest hotel, he calls second class; what we call a day-coach (something less good than the best), he marks with a "2." And it is well to remember, before you start, that with the franc as it is to-day, very few Frenchmen can afford to travel first class by rail or to stop at first-class hotels—the vast French middle class goes second, or even third. I have seen second-class hotels in Paris where half the rooms had private baths, third-class hotels in the provinces with running water in every room. We, with our very different nomenclature, would apply to these places adjectives like "quiet" and "unassuming." The Frenchman marks them off into categories. That's all.

The Americans who go to Europe may be divided into three general classes. The first-class traveler wants the best, and prices, unless they are preposterously high, are a matter of comparative indifference to him. He travels first class on the Atlantic and first class in France. He goes to the best hotel in every town and insists, invariably, on a private bath; he eats at the best restaurants; hires private cars when he finds it convenient, and demands, at all times, the last word in luxury.

The second-class traveler is more careful but just about as comfortable. He crosses to France in cabin class, travels second on the French trains, patronizes hotels that are good in every way, but not luxurious. He wants, in other words, the sort of comfort he would find in the average middle-class American home and with this, providing he can see Europe, he is satisfied.

The third-class traveler is out to see France as cheaply as he can, insisting only upon cleanliness and a



## Come With Me Through France

reasonable amount of comfort. He goes over in tourist third; travels third class by rail except for very long trips, eats (and very well) at unpretentious restaurants, stays at hotels which are good, and immaculate—but simple. Third-class travel in France is far from being “unpleasant” or “impossible.” The average American woman need have no hesitation about trying it, alone if she likes, but better, perhaps, with a friend.

If you are planning to go abroad, you should decide, first of all, to which one of these three classes you belong. You should consult your bank-book—and your tastes. Then reconcile the two, decide, and stick to your decision.

I am giving below a sample itinerary and three budgets for a two months' trip to France. The itinerary could be varied almost indefinitely without adding appreciably to the final figure—railroad fares, in a case such as this when you visit only a single country, are a comparatively small item. The budgets, it should be remembered, do not include such things as drinks (except wine with meals), purchases, or any similar extras. Such things are too indefinite to estimate. But they do include all legitimate expenses connected with travel—tips, taxis, and the like.

Paris, with excursions to Versailles and Fontainebleau—  
10 days.

Normandy—15 days, visiting Beauvais, Amiens, Abbeville, Dieppe, Rouen, Louviers, Evreux, Lisieux, Deauville, Honfleur, Caen, Bayeux, Coutances, Granville, Avranches, Mont-Saint-Michel.

Brittany—12 days, visiting Vitré, Rennes, Dol, Saint-Malo, Dinard, Dinan, Saint-Brieuc, Morlaix (with excursions to the coast).

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sions by bus to Roscoff, Huelgoat, etc.), Quimper (with excursions to Douarnenez, the Pointe du Raz, etc.), Concarneau, Carnac, Vannes, Nantes.

Château Country—5 days. Tours and Blois, with excursions to some fifteen of the principal châteaux.

Tours to Paris via Chartres—1 day.

And the budgets:

### *First Class*

Hotel expenses (including room and bath in each place, first-class meals throughout, service, wine with meals, taxes, etc.), 42 days at (on an average) \$11.50 a day.....	\$ 483
Railway fares and bus excursions.....	47
Porters, taxis, etc. ....	46
Other extras.....	42
Crossing (for a minimum).....	550
Steamer expenses (tips, chair, fare to Paris, etc.)..	80
Passport and visa.....	20
<hr/>	
Total for the eight weeks.....	\$1,268

### *Second Class*

Hotel expenses (rooms, meals, service, wine, etc.), 42 days at \$3.50 a day.....	\$147
Railway fares and bus excursions.....	34
Porters, taxis, and all extras.....	42
Crossing (cabin class, both ways).....	290
Steamer expenses (including railway fare to Paris, etc.) .....	50
Passport and visa .....	20
<hr/>	
Total for the eight weeks.....	\$583

# Come With Me Through France

## *Third Class*

Hotel expenses (everything included), 42 days at \$2.15 a day (this <i>could</i> be done more cheaply) ..	\$ 90
Railway fares and bus excursions.....	24
Extras .....	21
Crossing (tourist third—round trip).....	185
Steamer expenses (including railway fare to Paris, etc.) .....	35
Passport and visa.....	20
	<hr/>
Total for the eight weeks.....	\$375

None of the above totals are in any way absolute. I have attempted, merely, to give an average for each of the three classes of travel. If the first-class traveler wanted a room with bath on board ship, he would have to add four or five hundred dollars to his budget. If the third-class traveler were willing to be very careful, to travel less, to walk or bicycle at least part of the way, to look, in each town, for the cheapest hotel, he could cut thirty dollars, and perhaps more, off the budget I have given.

## HOW TO GET TO FRANCE

Before the war brought to the average American a realization of the nearness of Europe, there were only three classes on the North Atlantic. And had these three been given names instead of numbers, they might very appropriately have been called: First, or good; second, or bearable; third, or impossible. The people who traveled in these three classes were divided just as sharply into three categories. They had a lot of money, or a little, or none.

## Introductory

To-day the practiced eye can discern seven distinct classes, or gradations of classes, on the transatlantic liners. Of the seven there is only one—steerage—that even the most fastidious could call “impossible.” And the people who go abroad range all the way from the boy who waits on the table in his college *commons* to the plutocrat whose income tax runs into six figures.

To start at the top of the financial ladder: For real luxury on the North Atlantic you cross in first class on one of the “big ten”—those floating palaces, “ocean greyhounds,” that make New York-Cherbourg or New York-Le Havre in less than seven days. To this class belong such ships as the *Leviathan*, the *Majestic* and *Olympic*, the *Berengaria* and *Aquitania*, the *Paris* and the *Ile de France*. The minimum one-way fare on these boats runs from \$220 to \$275—this for an inside stateroom—and for a room with bath, or a suite, there is really no limit to what you can pay.

The second of the seven categories is first class too, but it is not *de luxe*. The boats are smaller and slower; the accommodations, while undeniably excellent, are less lavish, the crowd less fashionable. The minimum first-class passage on boats like the *New Amsterdam*, the *Reliance*, the *Stuttgart*, the *Minnetonka*, the *Empress of France*, the *Scythia*, the *Providence* (which runs from New York to Marseilles via Italy in about seventeen days) ranges from \$180 to \$220.

Third comes cabin class. This, an innovation since the war, is (except in price) scarcely to be distinguished from the preceding category. As a matter of fact, a good many liners—notably the *George Wash-*



## Come With Me Through France

*ington* and the *Celtic*—which have carried first-class passengers within the last two years, are at present operating as cabin-class boats. Cabin class is the modern substitute for second; the food is remarkably good, the staterooms extremely comfortable, and you have the run of the ship—exactly as you would have on a first-class liner. These ships run from eight to twenty thousand tons, take from eight to eleven days for the crossing, and the minimum one-way fare varies—according to the line and the ship—between \$135 and \$155. There is no end of boats of this type—the Cunard Line alone must have a score or more—and some of the best known are—the *De Grasse*, the *Republic*, the *Cleveland*, the *Carmania*, etc.

Just as expensive as cabin class, but infinitely inferior from the point of view of the average traveler who is willing to sacrifice speed for comfort, is the regular second class. The people who go second on boats like the *Leviathan* and the *Berengaria* are usually a rather shoddy crowd—and the staterooms and food are certainly no better than, if as good as, in cabin class. So, unless you are in a great hurry, avoid second class.

The fifth category is one that includes at present only two boats. Nominally it is "tourist third." Actually, on board these two ships—the *Minnekahda* and the *Minnesota*—old cabin liners which now carry only third-class passengers, the accommodations, taken as a whole, are very nearly as good as those of the smaller and cheaper cabin-class boats. In this fifth category, as in the sixth, it pays to buy a round-trip ticket. New York-Boulogne and return, by one of these boats,

## Introductory

costs \$200; the two one-way fares, added together, amount to some thirty dollars more.

Sixth comes the regular "tourist third." This has been called "white-collar steerage." As a matter of fact, it is nothing of the sort. The passengers in tourist class—mostly teachers, students, artists, writers, and professional people—are as pleasant traveling companions as the people who go first. The staterooms are clean, comfortable, and well ventilated, the food good, the service excellent. And the boats which carry tourist-third passengers range from the huge *Leviathan*, the biggest boat afloat, to the little *Ryndam* of the Holland-American Line. The round-trip fare, New York-Cherbourg, New York-Le Havre, New York-Boulogne, as the case may be, costs from \$177 to \$190. It is comparatively difficult to get tourist-third accommodations during the winter.

The seventh category is steerage. In cost there is very little difference between steerage and tourist third. But in every other way the difference is incalculable. And no one who has ever seen the immigrants disembark at Ellis Island will want to try steerage on the North Atlantic.

Of all the ports of France there are only five touched at by transatlantic liners. And of these five, two—Cherbourg and Le Havre—carry the great bulk of the American passenger traffic. Both of these are in Normandy, both on the Channel, both within easy striking distance of some of the most interesting towns in France. Cherbourg is some 225 miles (6 hours) from Paris; Le Havre is about 140 (3 hours). Cherbourg

## Come With Me Through France

is used as a port of call by the steamers of the following major lines: United States, White Star, Red Star, Hamburg-American, North German Lloyd, Canadian Pacific, and (for its larger boats) Cunard. Le Havre is the European terminus of the French Line, and a port of call for the cabin-class Cunarders. Third in importance in the American passenger trade is Boulogne-sur-Mer, also on the Channel, the French port of the Holland-American and Atlantic Transport lines. Marseilles, with the Fabre, the Dollar, and the Consulich line services to and from New York, and Bordeaux, connected with America by three cabin-class ships of the French Line, complete the list.

### BEFORE YOU GO

"An ounce of prevention [as some one, perhaps an appleman, once remarked] is worth a pound of cure." But the appleman—for all apple-sellers are hereditary foes of doctors—should have gone further. He should have said that a pound of prevention costs less than an ounce of cure; that the worst part of sickness is the doctor's bill, that prevention—or preparation—is easier, more pleasant, and more effective.

The surgeons, the high-priced specialists of European travel, are the travel agencies. The traveler who finds himself in Paris, unprepared and puzzled, goes to Cook in exactly the same spirit in which the physical bankrupt goes to a sanitarium. And the result, in both cases, is the same—a quick recovery and a large bill. Nothing, I think, is quite so pitiful as a long queue of Americans standing before a travel desk in Paris ask-

## Introductory

ing plaintively, "What shall I do, and how?" Mr. Cook fixes them—he sends them off to Carcassonne with two private cars and a guide. But he doesn't send them to Saint-Bertrand-de-Comminges. Mr. Cook never heard of Saint-Bertrand-de-Comminges. This type of American I've never been able to understand. If any of these people had a thousand dollars to invest, they would look into the bonds or property that they intended to buy with a good deal of care. Let them invest a thousand dollars in a European trip—and, dollar for dollar, there is probably no investment in the world that can be made to yield a richer return of pleasure—and they don't bother, even, with the week or two of careful and intelligent preparation which would double the value of their investment.

There is nothing more terrible than to be at last in Europe and to find that something essential is missing—that you want to go hiking in the Pyrenees and have forgotten your walking shoes; that you have a vague desire to go to Normandy and can't, for the life of you, remember what you want to see, or where. There is no better way to spoil a whole week's enjoyment than to realize that you have changed trains at Amiens and have never seen the cathedral, that you have arrived in Sainte-Anne-de-la-Palme two days after the Pardon is over. The best, in fact the only, insurance against this sort of thing is preparation. Read a few books, lay out a sort of general plan for your trip, see that all the necessary details have been attended to, fix up some sort of a budget—these are the things that count.

I should, if I were you, decide first of all the parts

## Come With Me Through France

of France that I intended to visit—not finally, perhaps, but in a general way. And then I'd read a book or so on each one—a book which is in no sense a guide-book, which may be a novel, a historical romance, or only a group of descriptive essays—a book which doesn't speak of monuments and edifices, but which gives you something of the spirit of the country and its people—in the way that Daudet's *Tartarin* reflects so much of the spirit of Provence. I give, in the pages that follow, the names of books that have done this thing for me—made some particular section of France alive and real—much more than a mere succession of Baedeker's asterisks. I should read as many of these books as I could before leaving America—and take as few with me as possible. Baggage is trouble enough in Europe without trying to carry a small circulating library in a suitcase.

For accurate and up-to-date information on France, both general and detailed, I can give you only one American address—a good one—the French Government Tourist Information Office, 4 East 52nd Street, New York. They answer all inquiries made either personally or by mail and distribute without charge pamphlets and illustrated booklets on all regions and towns of France, which should prove of considerable service to any one planning a trip to France.

When it comes to the actual preparation—the matter of what to take with you, you must decide for yourself. As a general rule, the things you need during two months abroad are about the things you would use during the same period at home. If you wear evening clothes at home, you will wear them abroad—no more



## Introductory

and no less. But, especially if you are going to travel fast, the less baggage the better.

Of course, to go to France, you need a passport and visa. The one you get, in a week or ten days' time, by applying at the Sub-treasury building, New York, or at the nearest county clerk's office; the visa, like the passport, costs ten dollars, and you get it at the French consulate—in New York at the French Line Pier, foot of 14th Street.



*Chapter Two:* THE PRACTICAL SIDE



## Chapter II

### THE PRACTICAL SIDE

#### ON LANDING

**L**ANDING is like walking—the more times you do it, the easier it gets.

If you are going to Paris (and almost every American you meet is on the way to Paris these days), you buy your railroad ticket from the purser about half-way across the Atlantic (or from the steamship agent before you get on) and reserve your place on the special boat-train which will be waiting for you at the quay-side. At the same time you arrange to have your trunk, or trunks, sent on direct to Paris. And after you've done that, don't worry. No one, in the history of transatlantic travel, ever missed a boat-train at a French port.

Then, a couple of hours before you land, go tip the stewards. I make it a point to give in all between seven and eight per cent. of what I paid for a one-way passage. One-third of this goes to the dining-room steward, one-third to the cabin steward (or stewardess), and the other third gets divided up in whatever way you choose.

Lastly, if you haven't done it before, go down to the purser's office and get about \$20 changed into French money. Be sure you get some small bills—say fifty francs in five- and ten-franc notes. That's all. Then go up on deck and enjoy yourself.



## Come With Me Through France

Sometime before you go ashore you will have to go to the smokers room or dining-room and have your passport stamped. Meanwhile some one will have given you a little ticket known as a "landing card." You give this to the man at the gang-plank when you get off.

What happens next depends on where you are landing. At Le Havre the boat edges slowly up to the dock and they let down the gang-plank; at Cherbourg the tender comes alongside and a stairway appears from nowhere at all. But as soon as a thing of this sort happens, the porters swarm over the ship like flies. You call one of them and show him your hand baggage. You can speak to him in French if you like, but he understands English. He wears a funny-looking cap, a blouse, perhaps, and has a strap slung over his shoulder. He will be your bosom friend and boon companion till the time comes to settle up. Meanwhile, let him take care of everything; that's what he's getting paid for.

Sooner or later you will end up in the *douane*, or custom-house. You open your baggage (or part of it) while the porter attracts the attention of a custom-officer. This is a polite old gentleman who looks like General Joffre and has a gold band around his cap. He feels in your baggage for machine-guns and cigarettes. If you have any liquor or tobacco, show it to him; if you haven't, shake your head, smile, and say, "*Rien que des effets personnels, monsieur*" (Ree-ann kuh day-zeffay pairsohn-nell, m'sieu). He will smile (be glad if he doesn't laugh) and make a funny little mark on each piece of baggage. Then you close everything up, show your train reservations to the porter

## The Practical Side

and give him five or ten francs—ten francs if you have a fair amount of baggage, five if you have only a little. The porter will kick whatever you give him. But that's only a rule of the game and he'd kick if you gave him a thousand dollars.

Make yourself comfortable when you get on the train. It will start in about an hour.

### FRENCH RAILWAYS

I have heard those Americans who (be it to our eternal shame) go to Europe for no other apparent reason than to make fun of everything they see, call the French trains "dinky" and the French railroads "terrible." There is only one answer for this sort of person—ask them where, in America, you can travel with a decent amount of comfort for  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cents a mile, mention the fact that one of these "dinky" trains covers the 490 miles to Bayonne at an average of over 55 miles an hour, that even on the branch lines, in France, there are accommodations for all classes and all pocketbooks—while we in America, on similar lines, are governed by some false feeling of democracy and throw every one—navvies and oil kings, longshoremen and senators—into the same day-coach, when we should never think of expecting them to wear the same overcoats or eat the same food.

The French railway system, running out like the spokes of a great wheel from the hub of Paris, is divided into seven major and numerous minor companies. The more important of these are as follows:

The *Chemins de Fer de l'Etat*, or state-owned rail-

## Come With Me Through France

ways, running out of the St. Lazare, Invalides, and Montparnasse stations in Paris and serving Normandy, Northern Brittany, much of Touraine and the country south of the Loire, where, however, these lines are secondary to those of the

*Compagnie Orléans*, which runs from the Quai d'Orsay and Austerlitz stations in Paris, south and west to Orleans, Tours, Nantes, Bordeaux, Toulouse, etc.

The *Paris-Lyon-Méditerranée*, more often spoken of as the *P. L. M.*, which, from the Gare de Lyon in Paris, has services running south and east to Burgundy and the Auvergne, Geneva and the French Alps, Provence, the Riviera, and thence to Italy.

The *Midi*, which has no Paris terminus, but which connects with the *P. L. M.*, at Cette and the *Orléans* at Toulouse and Bordeaux. The *Midi* lines extend through the Pyrenees, connecting France with Spain, and Paris (through Toulouse and Bordeaux) with Biarritz, Pau, Carcassonne, etc.

The *Nord*, running from the Nord station in Paris, northeast to Picardy and the Belgian frontier, connecting with England by way of Boulogne and Calais.

The *Est*, from the Gare de l'Est in Paris to Rheims, Verdun, and Belfort. It connects, at Metz, Avricourt, and Belfort, with the less important

*Chemins de Fer d'Alsace et de Lorraine*, taken over from Germany after the war, which joins the lines of the *Est* to those of Southwestern Germany and Northern Switzerland.

There are three classes on the vast majority of French trains; on some of the *rapides*, notably those

## The Practical Side

of the Paris-Riviera service of the *P. L. M.*, there are only two (first and second); and in certain parts of Alsace-Lorraine where the German equipment is still being used, there are four. But these are exceptions.

The French first class, at something like three cents a mile, offers a comfort and privacy certainly superior to that of the American Pullman car, and quite equal to that of the American chair car; second is considerably better than the American day-coach, and third, though it varies a good deal, is perfectly satisfactory for a person of limited means. It is hard to generalize more than this about the three classes; so much depends on circumstance. The third-class seats, on most lines, are upholstered and far from uncomfortable; the people are friendly and helpful; if the train is not crowded (as it often isn't) and you get a whole seat to yourself, with its four places side by side, you will be much more comfortable stretched out there than sitting bolt upright in a first-class corner. The average middle-class Frenchman travels third class for short distances (the first- and second-class compartments are usually empty on the branch lines) and second class for distances of over three or four hundred kilometers. If you are anxious to save, you will do well to follow his example.

But there are certain things you should remember. First, you are not expected to stand up. If you have a second-class ticket and the second class is full, you are entitled to a first-class seat. Second, you can always change over. If you start out third class and find it too crowded to be pleasant, simply walk through the train (in some cases you have to get off to change from one

## Come With Me Through France

car to another) to the second class, sit down, and when the conductor comes around, show him your ticket and pay the difference. Third, you can reserve a corner seat for yourself in advance by securing what is known as a *garde-place*, and for long distances (over two or three hundred kilometers) this is well worth doing. You should make application at the station or at a travel agency at least five or six hours before train-time (and over the main lines in rush seasons a week or more in advance), state whether you want to be in a smoking or a non-smoking compartment, and pay the small fee required—about twenty cents in first or second class, and ten cents in third. Fourth, on many of the *rapides* and expresses, there is what is known as a *minimum parcours*, which simply means that you cannot get on that particular train for less than 50 kilometers, or 100, or 500, as the case may be. Such trains are noted in the time-tables.

Round-trip (return) tickets in France cost considerably less than twice the one-way fare. The reduction, in first class, amounts to 25 per cent., and, in second and third, to 20 per cent. Round-trip tickets are valid, up to the first two hundred kilometers, for two days, plus one day for every hundred kilometers thereafter.

The ordinary French railroad ticket allows practically no stop-overs—one, of not over 24 hours, for each 400 kilometers; two, on a round-trip ticket. But the first- and second-class tickets sold by such travel agencies as the American Express, Cook, Raymond-Whitcomb, Exprinter, etc., are valid for two months from the date of issue, cost no more, and allow an



## The Practical Side

absolutely unlimited number of stop-overs. So, for any fairly long trip through France, I should certainly, if I were you, get one of these agency tickets.

Railroad fares, in France, are calculated on the following kilometric table. A kilometer, it should be remembered, is equal to about five-eighths of a mile, and a franc is worth approximately four cents. By using this table in connection with the railroad map inside the covers of this book, which gives the distances in kilometers between some thirty-odd of the most important cities and resorts in France, it is possible to estimate the exact railroad fares for any given itinerary.

### TABLE IN FRANCS PER KILOMETER

<i>Distance</i>	ONE WAY			ROUND TRIP		
	<i>1st Class</i>	<i>2nd Class</i>	<i>3rd Class</i>	<i>1st Class</i>	<i>2nd Class</i>	<i>3rd Class</i>
kil.	fr. c.	fr. c.	fr. c.	fr. c.	fr. c.	fr. c.
1 ....	.45	.30	.20	.70	.50	.30
2 ....	.90	.60	.40	.35	.95	.65
3 ....	1.35	.90	.60	2.05	1.45	.95
4 ....	1.80	1.20	.80	2.70	1.95	1.25
5 ....	2.25	1.50	1.	3.40	2.45	1.60
6 ....	2.70	1.80	1.20	4.05	2.90	1.90
7 ....	3.15	2.15	1.40	4.75	3.40	2.20
8 ....	3.60	2.45	1.60	5.40	3.90	2.55
9 ....	4.05	2.75	1.80	6.10	4.40	2.85
10 ....	4.50	3.05	2.	6.75	4.85	3.15
11 ....	4.95	3.35	2.20	7.45	5.35	3.50
12 ....	5.40	3.65	2.40	8.10	5.85	3.80
13 ....	5.85	3.95	2.60	8.80	6.35	4.10

# Come With Me Through France

<i>Distance</i>	ONE WAY			ROUND TRIP		
	<i>1st Class</i>	<i>2nd Class</i>	<i>3rd Class</i>	<i>1st Class</i>	<i>2nd Class</i>	<i>3rd Class</i>
kil.	fr. c.	fr. c.	fr. c.	fr. c.	fr. c.	fr. c.
14 ....	6.30	4.25	2.80	9.45	6.80	4.45
15 ....	6.75	4.55	2.95	10.15	7.30	4.75
16 ....	7.20	4.85	3.15	10.80	7.80	5.05
17 ....	7.65	5.15	3.35	11.50	8.25	5.40
18 ....	8.10	5.45	3.55	12.15	8.75	5.70
19 ....	8.55	5.80	3.75	12.85	9.25	6.05
20 ....	9.	6.10	3.95	13.50	9.75	6.35
21 ....	9.45	6.40	4.15	14.20	10.20	6.65
22 ....	9.90	6.70	4.35	14.85	10.70	7.
23 ....	10.35	7.	4.55	15.55	11.20	7.30
24 ....	10.80	7.30	4.75	16.20	11.70	7.60
25 ....	11.25	7.60	4.95	16.90	12.15	7.95
26 ....	11.70	7.90	5.15	17.55	12.65	8.25
27 ....	12.15	8.20	5.35	18.25	13.15	8.55
28 ....	12.60	8.50	5.55	18.90	13.60	8.90
29 ....	13.05	8.80	5.75	19.60	14.10	9.20
30 ....	13.50	9.10	5.95	20.25	14.60	9.50
31 ....	13.95	9.45	6.15	20.95	15.10	9.85
32 ....	14.40	9.75	6.35	21.60	15.55	10.15
33 ....	14.85	10.05	6.55	22.30	16.05	10.45
34 ....	15.30	10.35	6.75	23.	16.55	10.80
35 ....	15.75	10.65	6.95	23.65	17.05	11.10
36 ....	16.20	10.95	7.15	24.35	17.50	11.40
37 ....	16.65	11.25	7.35	25.	18.	11.75
38 ....	17.10	11.55	7.55	25.70	18.50	12.05
39 ....	17.55	11.85	7.75	26.35	19.	12.35
40 ....	18.	12.15	7.95	27.05	19.45	12.70
41 ....	18.45	12.45	8.15	27.70	19.95	13.
42 ....	18.90	12.75	8.35	28.40	20.45	13.30
43 ....	19.35	13.10	8.50	29.05	20.90	13.65
44 ....	19.80	13.40	8.70	29.75	21.40	13.95

# The Practical Side

<i>Distance</i>	ONE WAY			ROUND TRIP		
	<i>1st Class</i>	<i>2nd Class</i>	<i>3rd Class</i>	<i>1st Class</i>	<i>2nd Class</i>	<i>3rd Class</i>
kil.	fr. c.	fr. c.	fr. c.	fr. c.	fr. c.	fr. c.
45	20.25	13.70	8.90	30.40	21.90	14.25
46	20.70	14.	9.10	31.10	22.40	14.60
47	21.15	14.30	9.30	31.75	22.85	14.90
48	21.60	14.60	9.50	32.45	23.35	15.20
49	22.05	14.90	9.70	33.10	23.85	15.55
50	22.55	15.20	9.90	33.80	24.35	15.85
51	23.	15.50	10.10	34.45	24.80	16.15
52	23.45	15.80	10.30	35.15	25.30	16.50
53	23.90	16.10	10.50	35.80	25.80	16.80
54	24.35	16.40	10.70	36.50	26.25	17.15
55	24.80	16.70	10.90	37.15	26.75	17.45
56	25.25	17.05	11.10	37.85	27.25	17.75
57	25.70	17.35	11.30	38.50	27.75	18.10
58	26.15	17.65	11.50	39.20	28.20	18.40
59	26.60	17.95	11.70	39.85	28.70	18.70
60	27.05	18.25	11.90	40.55	29.20	19.05
61	27.50	18.55	12.10	41.20	29.70	19.35
62	27.95	18.85	12.30	41.90	30.15	19.65
63	28.40	19.15	12.50	42.55	30.65	20.
64	28.85	19.45	12.70	43.25	31.15	20.30
65	29.30	19.75	12.90	43.90	31.65	20.60
66	29.75	20.05	13.10	44.60	32.10	20.95
67	30.20	20.35	13.30	45.30	32.60	21.25
68	30.65	20.70	13.50	45.95	33.10	21.55
69	31.10	21.	13.70	46.65	33.55	21.90
70	31.55	21.30	13.90	47.30	34.05	22.20
71	32.	21.60	14.05	48.	34.55	22.50
72	32.45	21.90	14.25	48.65	35.05	22.85
73	32.90	22.20	14.45	49.35	35.50	23.15
74	33.35	22.50	14.65	50.	36.	23.45
75	33.80	22.80	14.85	50.70	36.50	23.80

# Come With Me Through France

<i>Distance</i>	ONE WAY			ROUND TRIP		
	<i>1st Class</i>	<i>2nd Class</i>	<i>3rd Class</i>	<i>1st Class</i>	<i>2nd Class</i>	<i>3rd Class</i>
kil.	fr. c.	fr. c.	fr. c.	fr. c.	fr. c.	fr. c.
76 ....	34.25	23.10	15.05	51.35	37.	24.10
77 ....	34.70	23.40	15.25	52.05	37.45	24.40
78 ....	35.15	23.70	15.45	52.70	37.95	24.75
79 ....	35.60	24.	15.65	53.40	38.45	25.05
80 ....	36.05	24.35	15.85	54.05	38.90	25.35
81 ....	36.50	24.65	16.05	54.75	39.40	25.70
82 ....	36.95	24.95	16.25	55.40	39.90	26.
83 ....	37.40	25.25	16.45	56.10	40.40	26.30
84 ....	37.85	25.55	16.65	56.75	40.85	26.65
85 ....	38.30	25.85	16.85	57.45	41.35	26.95
86 ....	38.75	26.15	17.05	58.10	41.85	27.30
87 ....	39.20	26.45	17.25	58.80	42.35	27.60
88 ....	39.65	26.75	17.45	59.45	42.80	27.90
89 ....	40.10	27.05	17.65	60.15	43.30	28.25
90 ....	40.55	27.35	17.85	60.80	43.80	28.55
91 ....	41.	27.65	18.05	61.50	44.30	28.85
92 ....	41.45	28.	18.25	62.15	44.75	29.20
93 ....	41.90	28.30	18.45	62.85	45.25	29.50
94 ....	42.35	28.60	18.65	63.50	45.75	29.80
95 ....	42.80	28.90	18.85	64.20	46.20	30.15
96 ....	43.25	29.20	19.05	64.85	46.70	30.45
97 ....	43.70	29.50	19.25	65.55	47.20	30.75
98 ....	44.15	29.80	19.45	66.20	47.70	31.10
99 ....	44.60	30.10	19.60	66.90	48.15	31.40
100 ....	45.05	30.40	19.80	67.60	48.65	31.70
200 ....	90.10	60.80	39.65	135.15	97.30	63.45
300 ....	135.15	91.25	59.45	202.75	145.95	95.15
400 ....	180.20	121.65	79.30	270.30	194.60	126.85
500 ....	225.25	152.05	99.10	337.90	243.25	158.60
1,000 ....	450.50	304.10	198.20	675.75	486.55	317.15



Vitre—A splendid example of Breton military architecture, once the stronghold of the Count Rennes, and later a Huguenot refuge.





## The Practical Side

There are comparatively few extra-fare trains in France—some half dozen, perhaps, that run to the Riviera, one to Deauville, one to Vichy, one to Biarritz, and a score or more “International Expresses.” These are, for the most part, vestibule trains of nothing but Pullman cars—trains *de luxe* in the true sense of the word. For an all-night trip they are, providing you are traveling first class anyway, worth the *supplément* you pay—just as for a shorter trip they are certainly not.

There has recently been put into effect, on all the principal French railway lines, a rather complicated system of “half-rate cards.” For the casual tourist (the person who wants to see, in the space of a summer, Paris, Rouen, and Chartres) these cards are of no value whatsoever. But, if you expect to travel 2,000 kilometers during any one month, or 3,000 kilometers during any two months, a “half-rate card” will save you money, and you should certainly get one. They are obtainable for any given class and are of any given duration. You can get them, on five days’ notice, at any French railway station (a small photograph is necessary.) This is what they cost:

	1st Class	2nd Class	3rd Class
One month . . . . .	\$10.80	\$ 8.75	\$5.50
Two months . . . . .	18.00	14.60	9.55

The presentation of a card of this sort at any station ticket-window entitles you to half-rate transportation in whatever class you originally chose. During its validity, your card is good for an unlimited number of kilometers—and it is easy to see that, if you expect

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to "tour France," you will find this card a most profitable investment.

Unless you are willing to sit up, overnight travel in France is a very expensive business. For, to begin with, unless you hold a first-class ticket, you are not allowed in any one of the three kinds of sleeping-cars that they have on French railways. In the second place, the cost of a berth in France is ridiculously high—running, at times, well over \$20 for a one-night trip. I have heard the French railways anathematized for this—by people who didn't realize that the government tax on sleeping-car fares is 65 per cent., and that both railway companies and the *Wagon-Lits* are helpless in the matter. The most expensive, of the three kinds of French sleepers, is the *lit-salon avec draps*. This corresponds roughly to our own Pullmans and costs, over and above the railway fare, a sum ranging from 90 per cent. to 120 per cent. of the cost of a first-class ticket. Next comes the *lit-salon ordinaire* which offers you the same bed, without sheets, for a third less money; and last the *couquette*, a mere couch without any particular privacy, which costs from \$2 to \$6, depending on the distance and the train. When you realize that a *lit-salon avec draps* from Paris to Nice costs some \$25, and that you could, if you chose, break your journey in Lyons and pay \$5 or so for a room and bath in the best hotel in the city, the true absurdity of French sleeping-car rates becomes apparent.

French dining-cars are known as *wagon-restaurants* and serve meals table d'hôte (though you may, in most cases, eat *à la carte* if you choose). The food com-

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pares very favorably with dining-car food in America and there is no restriction with regard to second- and third-class passengers. Breakfast, on the train, costs from fifteen cents to thirty cents, while lunch and dinner, without wine, range from eighty cents to a dollar and a half, averaging about one dollar.

Lastly, there are published, for all seven of the great railway companies of France, small booklet time-tables known as *horaires* or, more properly, as *Livrets Chaix*. These cost from fifty centimes to a franc at any station news-stand. You ask for the "*Livret Chaix Orléans*" or the "*Livret Chaix Etat*," etc. There is published, also, a single large book which contains all of these. It costs six francs, is called the *Indicateur Chaix*, and, though it is rather bulky, I should advise you to get it if you are going to travel about much in France.

### ABOUT BAGGAGE

The French baggage men are terrible roughnecks and, given half a chance, they will make that new pig-skin bag of yours look like nothing at all. So don't give them the chance. Keep that and the rest of your hand baggage in the compartment with you when you travel. Stow it away in that luggage-carrier over your head which is marked "for light objects only" but which will hold anything in the world from a dog to an ice-box. Then when you get to wherever you are going, open the window (very easy), stick your head out and yell, "*porteur*" (por-turr—accent on the second syllable) or "*commissionnaire*" (ko-meeyson-nair). A

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porter will come; you take your baggage, piece by piece, and hand it out the window to him. All this, provided you don't want to carry it yourself.

Most French porters are much more reasonable than the ones who meet the boat-trains. Two francs for the first package is the usual rate, with one franc for every one thereafter, plus a little extra for long distances or unusually heavy bundles.

As to your heavy luggage, go, a half-hour or so before your train leaves, to the part of the station marked, "*Bagages Départ*," with your trunks and your ticket. You are entitled to sixty-six pounds of free accompanied baggage and, over that, you pay at the rate of about a half cent a kilometer per hundred pounds. A porter will arrange all this for you if you like. You pay some four or five cents registration fee and are given a receipt. Keep this receipt. It's most necessary.

It is sometimes wiser, when you are making a long trip with a lot of stop-overs, to send your baggage on ahead. There are two ways of doing this. *Bagage non accompagné*, or unaccompanied baggage, is the better, the faster, but, for long distances, by far the more expensive. *Grande vitesse* is cheap and fairly fast. There is a special *grande vitesse* department in all the larger railroad stations, whereas, for the *bagage non accompagné*, you go to the regular baggage department.

Every French station has its checkroom, known as the *consigne*. You pay about four cents a day for the first package and two cents a day for the others.

And at every French station you can make arrange-

## The Practical Side

ments to have your baggage insured, if you like, though ordinarily it isn't necessary. Simply tell the clerk that you want to "*assurer les bagages*," and for how much. He will arrange the rest.

### FRENCH MONEY

The only difficult thing about French money is earning it—compared to that, the rest is easy.

You take your traveler's checks (or your letter of credit) to a bank. There are American or British banks in most large cities and resorts, but almost any bank will do. You can get traveler's checks changed at a hotel, but it doesn't pay. If you happen to pick out a French bank, walk up to the window and say, "*Je voudrais changer une cheque*," and tell them how much you want, whether \$10, or \$20, or \$50 or more.

The first thing to remember about French money is that there are three monetary units, one of which is only used colloquially. The franc, of course, is the standard. It corresponds to our dollar and, although it is now worth less than four cents in American money, everything is calculated in francs. And just as the American dollar is divided into one hundred cents, so the French franc is divided into one hundred centimes. With this difference—there is no such thing as a one-centime piece; five centimes is the smallest coin. It is as if we had nothing smaller than a nickel. And just as we say "a dollar ten" and leave the "cents" off so the French say "*un franc dix*" and leave off the word "*centimes*." The abbreviation for "francs" is "fr.," placed after the figure, thus: 250 fr.

The third, the colloquial unit of French money, is



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the sou. A sou is the smallest coin, the five-centime piece. People figure in sous for the sake of their own convenience and other people's inconvenience. The main thing to remember is that twenty sous make a franc. Up to one franc most transactions take place in sous, from one to five francs it is optional, over five francs the sou is never used. But people are always saying "*cent sous*" for "five francs," "*quarante sous*" for "two francs," and "*vingt sous pièce*" for "one franc each." Actually, in price tags, etc., there is no such thing as a sou.

The French paper money is of all sizes. It varies from the thousand-franc note which is as big as a sheet of foolscap, to the five-franc note which looks like a cigar coupon. The vast majority of the notes of small denomination are in a bad state of disrepair, but anything that sticks together is legal tender. Remember:

The five-franc note (worth twenty cents) is small, pinkish, and marked "*cinq francs*."

The ten-franc note (worth forty cents) is slightly larger, blue, and marked "*dix francs*."

The twenty-franc note (worth eighty cents) is, at present, almost out of circulation.

The fifty-franc note (worth two dollars) is pinkish, much larger than any of the others, and marked "*cinquante francs*."

The hundred-franc note (worth about four dollars) is smaller than the fifty, mostly yellow and green in color, marked "*cent francs*."

The five hundred- and thousand-franc notes are by far the largest of all; they are pinkish, and marked, respectively, "*cinq cent francs*" and "*mille francs*."

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In a small town it is sometimes rather difficult to get one of these changed.

A French coin is a *pièce* . . . "*une pièce d'un franc*," a one-franc piece. A bill is a *billet* (pronounced bee-yay) . . . "*un billet de cinquante francs*," a fifty-franc bill. Change is *monnaie*.

The French coins of fifty centimes, one franc, and two francs are of an alloy that looks not unlike brass. They are all marked clearly with their value and there is no possible way of getting mixed up on them. But there is no use trying to classify the coins of five, ten, and twenty-five centimes in circulation in France. I have seen coppers from Argentine, pennies from India, little nickel coins from Greece, and tin local money with scalloped edges. Up to twenty-five centimes, anything goes.

The quickest and easiest way to translate French money into American is to multiply by four. For any reasonable sum this is accurate enough. For example:

217 fr.

4

---

868, or \$8.68

72 fr.

4

---

288, or \$2.88

To translate American money into French divide by four.

$$\begin{array}{l} \$14.00 \div 4 = 350, \\ \text{or } 350 \text{ fr.} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{l} \$5.40 \div 4 = 135, \\ \text{or } 135 \text{ fr.} \end{array}$$

### FRENCH HOTELS

French hotels are pleasant places. Call them antiquated, if you will, and inefficient; they are never

## Come With Me Through France

dreary—never with the terrible, hopeless dreariness of the American small-town hotel. And take them in the by and large, from Cherbourg to the Italian frontier, from the newest and most exclusive palaces of Paris to the little *auberges* that front the country roads of Provence, the French hotels are probably just as clean and more comfortable than our own. As a matter of fact, the notorious lack of bathrooms and other twentieth-century conveniences in the hotels of France exist chiefly in people's imaginations. You can get a room with private bath, to-day, in practically every town and resort of any importance in France, and a hotel without at least one bathroom is almost as much of a curiosity there as in America. It was the fashion, for many years, to speak of the "hardships" of European travel—as if France were in South Africa, and Italy in Burma. I remember reading, in Henry James, of the "vile inns" of French provincial towns. And though three decades or so have slid by since James and his contemporaries made their little timid zigzags across the face of France, this one last ghost of the nineties has persistently refused to be laid. People still go to France in mortal terror of vermin; people still wonder if they will find French food edible (it is the best in the world) and French beds clean (I have never seen one that wasn't).

To be able to find, wherever you go in France, the right hotel—to find it quickly, easily, and without scouring the whole city over—that is the first mark of the experienced traveler. And no one problem, well solved, will make more difference in the pleasure of a European trip, than this. There is no worse way to start a day than to pay a hotel bill twice as large as you

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had expected; no worse way to spend an evening than to go from place to place looking for the particular sort of hotel accommodations that you want.

In France, at least, this matter is easily arranged. Buy, the day you land, a chunky red book called the *Guide Michelin*. This is put out by the Michelin Tire people, costs twenty francs at any bookstore (though the annual edition is usually sold out by fall), and, if you are going to travel about much in France, is worth its weight in platinum. Once you learn how to use it (and there is an introduction in English that tells you how), you need worry no more about the perplexing question of "where to sleep." The hotels are neatly listed, marked off into categories according to price, the prices themselves are given and, in the case of over seven hundred towns, there is a plan which shows you the relative location of the railway station and the hotels. The prices given, furthermore, are the prices you actually pay. Once a hotel-keeper is convicted of charging more than he has agreed to charge (and you are asked to report to the Michelin Company any extortion of this sort), his name is stricken forever from the Michelin lists. The hotel-keepers know this and act accordingly. So, when you go into one of these hotels, mention the *Guide Michelin*, casually, as you ask for a room.

Less dependable and less accurate than the Michelin guide, but a useful little booklet none the less, is *Les Prix des Hotels en France*, put out by the national hotel men's association and obtainable, for a few cents, either at the French Tourist Information Office, 342 Madison Avenue, New York, or at the *Bureau Na-*

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*tional de Tourisme*, 152 Boulevard Haussmann, Paris. And there exists, furthermore, another book, modeled after the *Guide Michelin*, but nothing like so complete, known as the *Guide Una*. But the *Guide Michelin* is far and away the best of the three.

French hotels vary greatly according to locality and price. There is, to begin with, the first-class hotel. Places of this sort are a good deal alike the world over. You will find, in most first-class hotels, at least one servant who speaks English, you will find the cuisine excellent, the rooms comfortable, the service good. And while, outside of such places as Paris, Nice, and Biarritz, you will see few hotels with a bath for every room, yet except in rush seasons, you can be fairly certain of getting a room with private bath if you want one, and for considerably less than you would pay in America. The first-class hotels of France are not, perhaps, quite so good as those of the United States; but the second- and third-class establishments are infinitely better. The small-town hotels and country taverns of France are the best places, of their kind, in the world. You can go to them (especially to all those recommended by the *Guide Michelin*) with perfect confidence. They will be clean, and comfortable, and exceedingly cheap. And if you treat the *patron* as something more than a *patron*, if you speak kindly to the chambermaid and confide, to the waiter, that this is your first trip abroad and that you find his country lovely beyond words to tell—they will take you to their hearts, all these good people, in an amazing way.

There are, in addition, still other kinds of French hotels. There is the *pension*, a sort of glorified boarding-house which, though it does not cater to the tran-



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sient trade, offers as good a way to learn conversational French as you could well find; there is the *hôtel meublé* which is half hotel, half rooming-house, and serves no meals; there is the *auberge*, or tavern. And in Paris, if you expect to be there for some time, it's often not a bad idea to get a furnished room, a *chambre meublée*. The best way to find a place of this sort is either through the *Bureau de Logement* on the Rue Volney, or by means of the classified ads in the Parisian newspapers—the *Intransigeant*, in particular.

When you arrive at a strange French city, you can do one of three things, providing, of course, that you have not wired ahead for reservations. You can choose your hotel in advance and take, from the station, the hotel bus that meets all trains; you can take a cab to the most likely hotel and, if that is not satisfactory, go elsewhere without unloading your baggage; or you can leave your luggage at the station checkroom and go on foot. If you are trying to save money, the last plan is probably the best.

When you go into a French hotel ask, before you commit yourself in any way, the price of everything. I wish to cast no aspersions upon the honesty of French hotel-keepers; but this procedure *is* customary, and if you don't ask about prices the *patron* will think you either a fool or a plutocrat and treat you as such. So find out in advance, the price of rooms, meals, breakfasts, baths, etc. And, unless the prices quoted seem to you very reasonable indeed, ask one question—a question which, if judiciously used, will save you a good many hundred francs a month—“*Rien moins cher?*” (nothing less expensive?)

The vast majority of French hotels make, for a



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period of five days or more, all-inclusive, American-plan terms known as *pension*. In smaller places, where the outside restaurants are either few or doubtful, it is well to take advantage of this arrangement whenever possible. Ask about it, at least, if you intend to stay a week or longer.

The custom, borrowed perhaps from Germany, of adding ten per cent. to your hotel bill to cover service, and doing away with tipping altogether, is spreading very rapidly through France. The *Guide Michelin* indicates the hotels which have or have not adopted this plan. And in the hotels where ten per cent. is added *you are not expected to tip*. Give, if you like, something for exceptional services of any kind; and a five-franc fee to the *concierge* (the omniscient gentleman by the front door) would not be out of the way, but don't go handing money around to the other servants—it will only spoil them.

A bath in a French hotel (unless you have a private bathroom) is something of a ceremony. They charge you from three to ten francs for it and are convinced, apparently, that you couldn't manipulate a bathtub yourself. Anyway, you ring for the maid and tell her, when she comes, that you want "*un bain*." She'll come back for you when it's ready and lead you through a labyrinth of corridors and halls and stairways, to the bathroom. You are expected to find your way back alone. If you want laundry done, make a bundle of it, call the maid, give it to her with the cryptic word "*linge*." She will take care of the rest. And if you have clothes you want pressed, it's the same procedure again, only the password is "*coup de fer*," this time.

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Lastly, if you want to be wakened in the morning, stop at the desk the night before and say "*reveil*" plus the time, whatever it may be, at which you wish this *reveil* to take place.

The usual thing, in France, is to have breakfast in your room. And while, if you were counting your pennies, it might pay you to go out to a café, yet, taken in the long run, this is distinctly not worth the trouble. You would probably, at a café, spend about three francs on the coffee, or chocolate, and rolls which make up the usual French breakfast; at the hotel you will pay from two francs to ten—with an average of about five. As to your other meals, you are, in some cases, expected to eat them in the hotel dining-room—failing which they add a few francs to the price of your room. I should, at least, find out about this if I were you.

Take them as a whole, French hotel prices are very reasonable. They run, I should say, anywhere from twenty-five per cent. to seventy-five per cent. less than in the United States. The following table, compiled from recent and official information, gives an accurate summary of hotel prices in France as they are to-day.

### PRICES OF HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS IN THE LEADING CITIES AND RESORTS OF FRANCE

First-class accommodations call for a single room and private bath in the leading hotel of each place.

Second-class accommodations call for an average room in a better-class hotel.

Third-class accommodations call for an average room in a clean, comfortable, and officially recommended hotel.

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PLACE	FIRST CLASS				
	<i>Room with Private Bath</i>	<i>Breakfast</i>	<i>Lunch</i>	<i>Dinner</i>	<i>American Plan or Pension Terms</i>
(All prices are given in francs)					
Aix-en-Provence .....	90	6	22	25	100
Aix-les-Bains .....	200	10	45	50	250
Ajaccio .....	90	6	25	25	90
Amiens .....	100	6	22	24	120
Annecy .....	150	10	35	35	...
Arcachon .....	80	5	22	22	100
Arles .....	60	6	22	22	70
Avignon .....	100	9	25	30	120
Bagnères-de-Bigorre .....	100	4	20	22	120
Bagnères-de-Luchon .....	120	8	40	40	150
Bastia .....	60	5	18	20	100
Bayonne .....	75	5	20	20	90
Belfort .....	90	5	18	18	90
Besançon .....	60	5	18	18	80
Biarritz .....	200	10	45	55	250
Blois .....	80	5	18	20	100
Bordeaux .....	180	6	30	30	200
Bourboule (la) .....	100	6	30	35	150
Boulogne-sur-Mer .....	125	7	30	35	...
Bourges .....	50	4	15	15	70
Caen .....	100	6	30	35	150
Cannes .....	350	10	50	60	350
Carcassonne .....	200	10	35	35	...
Cauterets .....	150	6	25	25	180
Chamonix .....	180	10	40	45	200
Chartres .....	90	5	18	18	110
Cherbourg .....	90	6	22	25	90
Clermont-Ferrand .....	80	5	18	18	...

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<i>Room</i>	<i>Breakfast</i>	<i>Lunch</i>	<i>Dinner</i>	<i>American Plan or Pension Terms</i>	<i>Room</i>	<i>Breakfast</i>	<i>Lunch</i>	<i>Dinner</i>	<i>American Plan or Pension Terms</i>
(All prices are given in francs)									
22	4	18	18	40	14	3	14	14	30
36	7	20	22	60	14	4	12	12	25
14	4	12	14	45	12	4	12	12	32
20	5	12	15	40	12	3	9	9	28
25	5	18	18	50	18	4	15	15	42
25	5	20	20	55	12	4	12	12	40
20	5	18	18	55	10	2	9	9	28
20	4	15	15	50	18	4	11	12	36
18	4	16	16	40	12	3	12	12	32
30	5	20	20	60	12	4	14	14	40
14	3	14	14	40	12	3	12	12	36
20	5	16	16	50	12	3	12	14	35
30	5	15	15	45	18	5	14	14	38
18	4	15	15	42	12	3	10	10	30
30	5	18	20	65	14	4	14	14	45
15	4	14	14	42	12	3	8	8	24
20	5	16	18	50	11	3	10	10	32
20	3	18	18	50	14	3	12	12	30
20	5	22	22	55	14	3	11	10	35
18	4	15	15	45	14	3	10	10	32
18	4	16	16	45	12	3	10	10	30
45	5	20	22	75	22	5	15	15	40
15	3	16	16	45	10	3	10	12	30
25	4	20	20	55	12	3	14	14	35
30	5	20	22	50	18	4	15	15	30
15	4	16	16	50	12	3	12	14	36
20	5	18	18	50	14	4	12	12	35
20	4	15	15	40	15	3	13	14	36

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PLACE	FIRST CLASS				
	<i>Room with Private Bath</i>	<i>Breakfast</i>	<i>Lunch</i>	<i>Dinner</i>	<i>American Plan or Pension Terms</i>
(All prices are given in francs)					
Colmar .....	90	4	15	14	80
Deauville-Trouville .....	300	10	40	50	...
Dieppe .....	120	7	28	28	125
Dijon .....	150	8	20	25	...
Dinard .....	100	8	30	35	100
Etretat .....	90	6	35	40	120
Evian-les-Bains .....	150	10	32	35	150
Evreux .....	90	7	35	35	...
Fontainebleau .....	150	10	45	45	160
Font-Romeu .....	100	7	30	30	120
Grenoble .....	130	6	22	25	180
Havre (le) .....	100	5	20	20	100
Hyères .....	120	8	35	40	175
Lille .....	50	6	28	30	90
Limoges .....	70	4	15	15	...
Lisieux .....	60	5	25	25	70
Lourdes .....	125	6	30	30	150
Lyons .....	180	8	40	45	150
Marseilles .....	150	8	30	32	150
Menton .....	250	10	45	50	300
Metz .....	80	6	18	20	80
Monaco-Monte Carlo ....	200	10	40	50	250
Mont-Dore (le) .....	150	6	25	30	150
Mont-Saint-Michel .....	60	5	25	30	65
Morlaix .....	80	5	20	20	...
Nancy .....	100	6	22	25	...
Nantes .....	75	6	20	20	75

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<i>Room</i>	<i>Breakfast</i>	<i>Lunch</i>	<i>Dinner</i>	<i>American Plan or Pension Terms</i>	<i>Room</i>	<i>Breakfast</i>	<i>Lunch</i>	<i>Dinner</i>	<i>American Plan or Pension Terms</i>
(All prices are given in francs)									
15	4	12	12	35	9	3	9	10	20
45	4	15	15	60	20	4	15	15	55
18	4	20	20	50	14	4	14	14	40
16	4	16	16	..	16	4	14	14	40
40	4	16	18	60	15	4	15	15	40
30	4	19	21	50	12	4	12	13	30
18	5	18	20	55	17	5	15	15	40
15	5	14	14	45	14	3	14	14	36
18	5	22	25	60	14	4	14	14	35
18	5	18	18	40	16	5	18	18	40
18	5	15	15	50	15	4	14	14	35
18	4	15	15	45	12	3	10	10	30
20	5	20	22	50	15	4	12	12	35
18	4	13	13	38	12	3	8	8	28
16	3	12	12	35	12	3	10	10	30
15	4	15	15	40	12	4	12	14	35
22	4	15	15	40	15	3	12	12	35
20	5	15	15	50	15	4	12	12	32
30	5	20	20	55	14	3	13	13	45
25	5	20	25	75	16	4	16	16	45
15	5	12	13	40	12	4	10	12	25
25	5	20	25	75	16	4	14	16	50
16	5	16	16	50	16	4	15	15	45
18	4	18	18	50	15	4	15	15	45
15	5	15	16	40	15	4	12	12	38
15	4	16	16	45	10	2	8	9	25
20	5	16	16	45	14	3	12	12	32



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PLACE	FIRST CLASS				
	<i>Room with Private Bath</i>	<i>Breakfast</i>	<i>Lunch</i>	<i>Dinner</i>	<i>American Plan or Pension Terms</i>
(All prices are given in francs)					
Nice .....	250	10	50	60	...
Nîmes .....	125	7	20	20	125
Orléans .....	100	6	25	25	100
Paris .....	300	10	55	60	...
Pau .....	100	5	25	25	100
Perpignan .....	60	4	16	16	60
Poitiers .....	80	6	20	20	80
Quimper .....	80	5	16	16	...
Rheims .....	180	6	30	30	...
Rennes .....	70	4	16	16	...
Rochelle (la) .....	60	5	15	15	65
Rouen .....	100	6	28	30	100
Saint-Brieuc .....	50	4	15	16	...
Saint-Jean-de-Luz .....	110	6	30	35	...
Saint-Malo .....	90	5	22	25	90
Saint-Raphael .....	120	6	30	30	150
Strasbourg .....	100	8	28	28	100
Toulon .....	60	7	25	25	90
Toulouse .....	100	5	25	25	110
Touquet-Paris-Plage (le) ..	250	10	50	70	350
Tours .....	80	6	25	30	90
Uriage-les-Bains .....	110	7	30	35	150
Verdun .....	80	5	18	20	90
Versailles .....	200	9	25	25	...
Vichy .....	150	6	35	40	160

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<i>Room</i>	<i>Breakfast</i>	<i>Lunch</i>	<i>Dinner</i>	<i>American Plan or Pension Terms</i>	<i>Room</i>	<i>Breakfast</i>	<i>Lunch</i>	<i>Dinner</i>	<i>American Plan or Pension Terms</i>
(All prices are given in francs)									
25	5	20	25	55	15	3	12	15	35
18	4	16	16	50	12	3	13	13	34
14	4	12	12	34	9	3	9	9	30
45	5	20	25	65	18	4	10	10	40
20	5	16	18	55	14	4	12	14	36
18	4	15	15	48	12	4	12	14	34
20	5	15	15	50	14	4	12	14	42
16	4	14	14	40	12	3	12	12	35
14	4	11	11	50	11	3	10	10	28
18	4	15	15	45	14	3	12	12	35
15	4	14	14	42	10	2	9	9	28
18	4	15	15	55	16	3	9	10	35
18	4	12	12	45	12	2	10	10	28
20	4	15	16	40	16	3	14	16	40
20	5	15	15	45	14	3	10	11	30
25	6	20	20	55	14	4	14	14	40
18	5	15	20	45	14	4	14	14	35
15	4	15	15	45	12	4	12	12	34
16	4	14	14	45	12	3	9	9	30
55	10	25	30	85	25	6	18	18	50
22	5	18	20	55	16	4	10	10	32
25	5	20	20	50	15	4	15	18	42
16	3	16	16	50	12	3	12	12	35
20	4	12	12	42	15	4	12	12	36
20	4	16	16	45	14	3	12	12	38

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## Notes

(1) The *pension* rate or American-plan includes room and complete board and is usually obtainable for a minimum stay of five days.

(2) The breakfast given is, it should be remembered, almost invariably, the "Continental breakfast" of coffee or chocolate, rolls, and butter.

(3) The prices given for lunch and dinner rarely include wine, beer, or mineral water of any sort.

(4) In the majority of hotels, especially those of better class, ten per cent. is added to the bills for service and in these cases, of course, no tips need be given. When this percentage is not added, one is expected to tip as usual.

(5) The third-class hotel in each case is a recommended house, *guaranteed* to be clean and fairly comfortable. In most towns it is possible, by looking around a little, to find acceptable accommodations at an even lower rate.

## WHERE AND WHAT TO EAT

Jacques Bonhomme is the "Uncle Sam" of France—the living personification of all that the average Frenchman is and stands for. Jacques Bonhomme, say some, is a credulous fool (God bless his warm heart!); he is polite, even when people are nasty to him, he knows little or nothing of modern business methods—but, say what you will, he is an amateur of good food and a connoisseur of good wine. He may plow with a pickax and write letters with an old-fashioned pen, but

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he knows his sauces and you could never give him a bad meal.

Eating in France is like a thing of beauty—it is a joy forever. No people in the world are more satisfied with life in general than are the French; no people treat their stomachs with so much respect and consideration. Laugh, if you like, at gourmets and “well-filled paunches”—who could rise to the heights of poetry on a railway ham sandwich? Who, pray, could be witty on a lunchroom apple pie?

Consider the average Frenchman. He eats practically nothing for breakfast—a roll, a cup of coffee, and perhaps a dash of cognac—he is ready to begin his day. At twelve he falls to and eats seriously. He manages to make away with a large quantity of excellent hors-d'œuvre, he has an omelette or a fish, he lingers through a meat course, loiters over an artichoke or some *petit pois*, toys with some cheese and an orange, then drains off the last of his wine, sits back, lights a cigarette, and orders a small cup of black coffee (which he *doesn't* call a *demi-tasse*). At two o'clock, utterly contented and beaming on the world, he goes leisurely back to work. All of which may not be efficient, but is very pleasant indeed. At six o'clock the average Frenchman stops work; he goes to a café and has an *apéritif*—a *Cinzano*, a *Byrrh*, a *Dubonnet*, a *St. Raphael*, a *Cap Corse*; and by seven o'clock he is ready to eat again. His *dîner* is a good deal like his *déjeuner*—he has soup instead of hors-d'œuvre, he makes certain of his salad, and has perhaps, a liqueur after his coffee—but the skeleton of his menu is much the same.

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Where you will want to eat in France, and what you will get, depends largely on the class in which you are traveling. If you are trying to save money, you may find it to your advantage, as often as not, to take *pension* terms at a hotel. Most of the food you get in hotels is good, but the food that you get in restaurants is better—and, other things being equal, I should advise you to eat out, except in the smaller towns.

In the majority of first-class restaurants, meals are served *à la carte*, and *à la carte* only. This means that you spend more than you would in your hotel, for, outside of Paris, most hotel meals are *à prix fixe* (or *table d'hôte*). In the restaurants there is usually a cover charge, and you order your drinks (which are very cheap by American standards) from the *carte des vins*. Unless you understand a good deal of French, the menu is likely to be a bit confusing, and I should leave the choice of dishes, if I were in your place, as much as possible in the waiter's hands. This sort of thing is quite often done, and the waiter, hoping to have a franc or two added to his tip, will see to it that your *plats* are of the best. Ordinarily, I should tip the waiter about 12 per cent. of the bill, and give a franc or so to the *sommelier*, or wine-boy.

Second-class restaurant meals are sometimes *à la carte* and sometimes not; but in second-class hotels one dines, almost invariably, *à prix fixe* (the term "table d'hôte" is rarely used in France). Many restaurants have a *prix fixe* dinner and an *à la carte* service as well, and when this is the case I make it a point to order the regular meal—there is usually con-

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siderable latitude of choice, it is cheaper, and every bit as good.

A very excellent law compels all French restaurants to post their menus, with prices, outside. Actually, this law is not enforced; but it is obeyed, nevertheless, in most cases—and the eating-houses where no price-lists are displayed, are those, generally, to be avoided. Many restaurants serve two kinds of *prix fixe* meals—one, for instance, at nine francs, and another at twelve. Wine, in the cheaper places, is sometimes, though rarely, included in the price—when this is the case you will see the words “*vin compris*” (or the initials “v. c.”) written on the card.

If you are trying to eat as inexpensively as possible, I should advise you to stick to the *prix fixe* meal. *À la carte* dinners that cost no more than eight or nine francs are all too likely to sag, either in the middle or at both ends—for this same amount you can eat, and eat well, *à prix fixe*. Third-class hotel food, especially in such cities as Paris, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Rouen, etc., is mediocre and comparatively expensive, so, unless you are taking *pension* terms, you will do well to eat at an outside restaurant.

What to eat? You ask me to tell you that? When French cooking is the most complicated in the world, and there are more good *plats* than there are people to eat them. Very well. Here are a few things—

As to the *potage*, or soup:

*Consommé* is good in the north of France and bad in the south.

*Potage Bisque* is an excellent bet, but is usually expensive.



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*Bouillabaisse* is one of those soups that you eat with a knife and fork. It originated in Marseilles and has become a classic.

*Potage aux Poireaux*, *Potage jardinière*, *Potage St. Germain*, etc., are the soups that one gets with a cheap *prix fixe* meal. They are usually good.

As to the *hors-d'œuvre*: they are excellent. I should advise you to order them *variés*, or varied.

As to the *poisson*, or fish:

*Sole*, of course, is the best and most famous. But you can depend on a *limande*, a *rouget*, or a *raie*.

*Merlan*, whiting, is cheap and very poor.

*Homard*, or *langouste*, a lobster, is fit for the gods if you get it at a really good restaurant.

*Moules*, mussels, are eaten out of the shell, are cheap and always excellent.

*Petite friture* (small fish fried to a crisp) is good and not particularly expensive.

As to the *entrées*, here are a few that I think you will like:

*Omelettes*, as a whole, are delicious.

*Vol-au-Vent*, and *Bouchées à la Reine*, are distinctly French.

As to the *viande*, or meat:

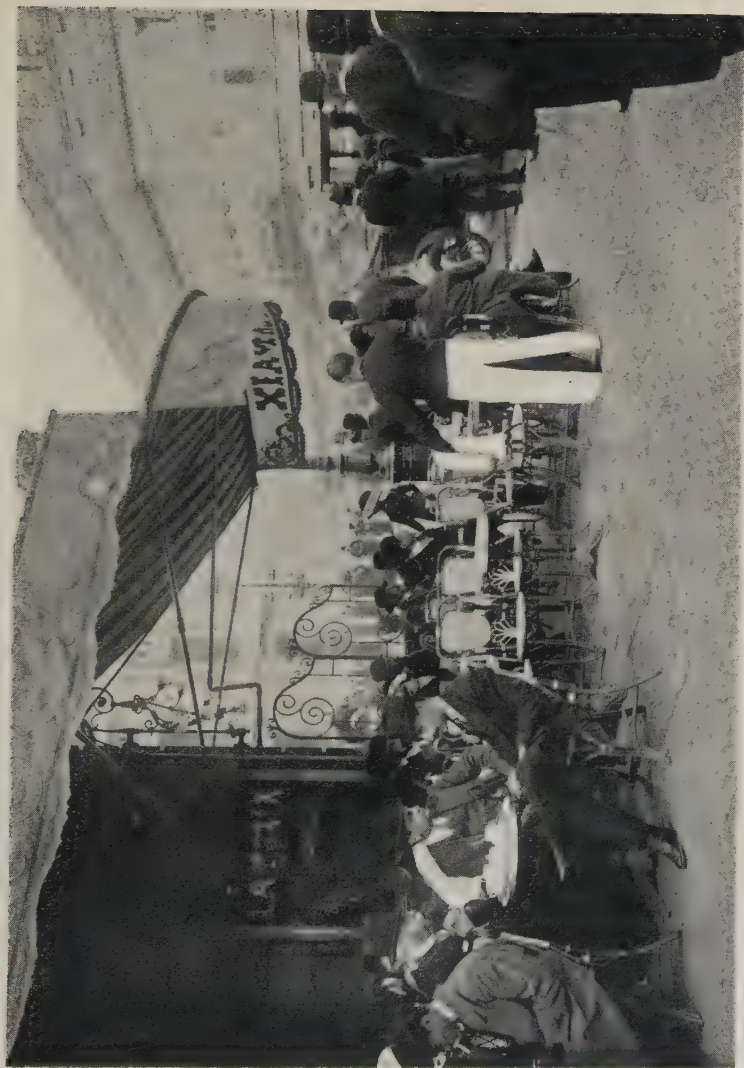
The French beef is not particularly good. If you want a beefsteak, ask, not for a *bifteck* (which is often tough) but for the more expensive *tournedos* (1 person) or the *Châteaubriant* (more than 1 person).

*Veau*, veal, is served a great deal and is generally good.

*Agneau*, lamb, is also good, but *mouton*, mutton, is often tough and strong.

*Porc*, pork, is not up to the American product, but far from bad.

*Poulet*, chicken, is good in good restaurants, and bad in poor ones.



Paris—The famous Café de la Paix, meeting place of all the world.



## The Practical Side

*Canard*, duck, when properly attended to, is perhaps the greatest of French delicacies.

As to the *legumes*, or vegetables:

*Pommes de terre* (or just *pommes*) are potatoes. They are cooked in dozens of different ways and are rarely bad.

*Petit pois*, peas, are good indeed, and so are *haricots verts*, string beans.

*Chou*, cabbage, is usually quite edible; but *chou-fleur*, cauliflower, is better.

An *artichaut*, artichoke, makes interesting eating if you don't expect too much in the way of nourishment.

*Epinard*, spinach, varies a good deal; *carottes*, carrots, and *oignons*, onions, are some others.

*Celeris au jus*, stewed celery, is a great favorite with some people.

*Salade*, salad, is invariably good.

Here are some *fromages* (cheeses):

Camembert, Brie, Gruyère, Crème de Gruyère, Roquefort, Hollandais, Gorgonzola.

The best of the *fruits* (fruits) are:

*Oranges* (oranges), *pêches* (peaches), *raisins* (grapes), *fraises* (strawberries), *framboises* (raspberries), *cerises* (cherries).

It may be well to mention, *en passant*, that you can get a fairly light lunch—sandwiches, cold meat, beer, etc., in any *brasserie* (which is a kind of café); that, particularly in the North, most pastry shops have a sort of tearoom, a *salon de consommation*, attached; that you can get, in an *épicerie* (grocery store), a *boulangerie* (a bakery) and a *charcuterie* (a sort of delicatessen), the makings of an excellent picnic lunch.

## Come With Me Through France

### FRENCH WINES

Before the war there were *bistros* (and many of them) in the south of France, where wine was sold by the hour rather than by the glass or bottle; you paid four or five *sous* an hour and drank as much as your conscience (or your wife) would let you. Naturally, the wine was pretty bad—it was new and rough and it tasted of the grape. But, after all, what could you expect for a nickel an hour?

You can't do that sort of thing any more. Wine is increasingly expensive these days, and the lower-class Frenchman is turning more and more to substitutes—beer, cider, mineral water. The change has come about quite recently—four years ago, in the average small French restaurant, the price of a meal included a half bottle of *vin ordinaire*; to-day the dinner served *vin compris* (with wine included) is something of a curiosity.

Generalizations about wine are very difficult, for perhaps no other beverage varies so much. It varies according to the region in which it is grown, according to the classification in which it has been placed, according to its color and its age.

The vast majority of French wine—the best, and also the worst—is *vin rouge*, or claret. Next comes *vin blanc*, white wine, which is usually almost transparent, and which ranges in color from the scarcely perceptible yellow of Champagne, to the rich amber of some of the Sauternes. The third color, *vin rosé*, looks at first to be a mixture of the preceding two; this wine matures quickly, varies comparatively little and, in many

## The Practical Side

parts of France (notably around Lyons, in Touraine, and on the Riviera), is the most dependable of the cheaper dinner wines.

The three great wine-growing regions of France are Burgundy, Bordeaux (including the lower valleys of the Dordogne and Gironde), and Champagne. The products of the first two are divided off into *crus*, or "growths." Each growth includes the wines from certain definite tracts of land. First-growth wine is the best and the most expensive, second-growth is almost as good, but less famous and a bit cheaper, etc. But there are good years and bad in wine, and it is better to get a third-growth vintage of a "great" year, than a first-growth of a bad one.

Burgundy as a whole is a rich, full wine—very rough when it is new and improving greatly with age. Red Burgundy is dry and of a high alcoholic content. Among the most famous first-growth Burgundies are: Chambertin, Clos Vougeot, Romanée Conti, Richebourg, Pommard, etc.

Bordeaux is more delicate and more subtle. A great deal of it (perhaps the most famous of all) is white. It includes Sauterne, that "bottled sunlight" which is rather sweet and well suited to the average American palate; it includes Graves, and some half dozen red wines which deserve to be ranked with any in the world. Among the most famous vintages are: Red—Château Margaux, Château Lafitte, Château Haut Brion; white—Château Yquem. The words, "*mise au château*," on a bottle of Bordeaux wine indicate that it is the product of a good year.

Champagne depends for its quality rather on the



## Come With Me Through France

treatment it has received than on the precise plot of ground on which the grapes were grown. Champagne has been called the queen of all wines—assuredly it is the most expensive, but this seems to me rather a question of supply and demand than of actual value. Any of the better-known brands can be depended upon.

So much for the "great wines." But the average American doesn't expect a rare vintage with every meal. Taken in the large, the *vin ordinaire* (what they give you when you ask, simply, for wine) is quite decent and quite cheap. It will probably run from three francs to eight, a bottle, and from two francs to five for a *demi*. If you like something a little better, you might look, on the wine-card, for one of the following:

Bordeaux wines:

Graves, Barsac (rather sweet), St. Emilion, St. Estèphe.

Burgundies:

Mâcon, Beaune, Moulin de Vent, Chablis (white).

Some cheaper substitute for Champagne:

Asti spumante, Royal Provence.

And a few others:

Beaujolais, Vouvray, Hermitage, Châteauneuf du Pape.

## WALKING AND BICYCLING IN FRANCE

Afoot and a-wheel through France in a couple of pages! Absurd? Of course it is. Hilaire Belloc, without being verbose, wrote a whole book about walking in the Pyrenees. I could write another, if I chose, about walking in the Périgord or bicycling in Provence.

## The Practical Side

But two pages for all France! That, as the French say, is *un peu fort*. However, I have a motto for such occasions. "In parlous times and when disaster threatens, generalize." If a man asks you what you think of Paris and you don't like the man, smile broadly and say "Fine"; if he wants to know your opinion of some cathedral you've never heard of, wag your head appreciatively, lower your voice and say "*Mag-nificent*."

The first thing to remember about walking and bicycling is that you are not a transportation company. If you want to go some place, get on the train. You may think you can compete with the French third class, but you can't. On foot, granted long legs and good feet, you may make five cents an hour—and you will work up an appetite that will cost you twice your morning's earnings to satisfy. So walk and bicycle for the fun of it or not at all. Don't try to carry a piano in your knapsack. Send practically all your luggage ahead by *bagage non accompagné* and take with you only the absolute essentials.

There are a great many differences between walking and bicycling—and the greatest of these differences is the bicycle. It has to be bought (and sold) or rented (and returned). Which of these two procedures is the wiser depends, to a great extent, on what you intend to do. If you are out to spend a summer a-wheel, to pedal your way a couple of thousand miles across France, you will want, certainly, to buy your own bicycle—a good one, either new or slightly *usagée*. To spend a fortnight in the Château Country, however, I should rent a wheel, if I were you, either at Orleans or Tours. It won't cost you much—between thirty and fifty francs,

## Come With Me Through France

probably, for the two weeks. And with a bicycle you can see the Château Country in a way that you never could by rail. Remember, too, that you can check your bicycle, just as you can your trunk, when you get on the train.

I shall try, in the pages that follow, to mention in passing those places and those sections of France that are particularly good ground for the walker or the bicyclist. But here are a few general rules:

Walk—where the country is hilly, the roads not too good, the inns clean. Walk where the countryside and the life of the countryside is the main thing and the towns of secondary interest. For example—the Pyrenees, the Valley of the Dordogne, the Vosges, or, while the grapes are being harvested, through any of the great vineyard regions of France.

Bicycle—where the roads are not too mountainous and not too crowded, where the countryside is not too monotonous and the points of interest are close together. For example—Provence or the Château Country.

Finally, let me mention one thing more—maps. I have heard a dozen sorts recommended, but far and away the best of the lot, for any kind of road travel in France, are the folding *Cartes Michelin*s. These cost four francs at any bookstore—and they will do everything but carry your knapsack for you.

### FRANCE BY CAR

The advantages of touring France by automobile are, of course, fairly obvious. Rail travel, at best, is

## The Practical Side

a sort of slavery; you are a buck private and the timetable is your commanding officer; you have to worry about porters and checkrooms and tickets and changing trains. With a car, you are free of all this—you go pretty much where you choose and when; you manage, somehow, to see all the picturesque little out-of-the-way places that most rail travelers miss; you can stop at every village, or stop at none.

Ten years ago, to the average American, European travel seemed a pastime for the idle and a privilege of the rich; to-day we have all begun to realize that inexpensive travel is not only possible, but pleasant as well. But even to-day most Americans have an idea that, to drive a car through Europe, one must be a plutocrat of some sort—a bank president or a bootlegger. Actually, nothing of the sort is true. Actually—and I am speaking from personal experience—if two or more people are traveling together, it is considerably cheaper to go by automobile than to go second class by rail.

If you decide that you want to travel through France by automobile, you can proceed in one of three ways. You can take an American car abroad, uncrated, on either the Cunard or the French Line boats, and bring it back with you when you come. You can rent a French automobile from any of a score of agencies in Paris—paying (and a good deal) either by the kilometer or by the month. Or, you can buy a car in Europe and resell it when you leave. The first of these three ways is the easiest and by far the most expensive; the last is the best and by far the cheapest.

Let's begin with the first and go into details. The

## Come With Me Through France

cost of taking a car to Europe and back (and whatever goes over *must* come back) averages from one hundred and fifty dollars to two hundred and twenty-five dollars, depending on the car. You'll have to add to this figure some sixty dollars to cover such items as wharf inspection, dock dues, foreign licenses, etc. And when you compare this total with what you would otherwise spend, you must remember: the wear and tear on your car while in Europe; that no American car can be operated as cheaply as can any one of a half dozen foreign makes; that gasoline costs from 50 per cent. to 60 per cent. more than in America and that, consequently, the running cost of a large car is comparatively high.

The second of the three ways—to rent an automobile in France by the month or the kilometer—is really deserving of little or no serious consideration. The rates, in most cases, are almost prohibitive—they average from four to six dollars a day with an added restriction about distance covered. For anything over a month it would be cheaper, and a good deal cheaper, to buy and resell.

As bearing on the general cost of automobile travel in Europe, it may be interesting to mention a road test arranged, a year or so ago, by a prominent British motor car company. A stock model touring car, containing four people, was placed on an average road without gas or oil; the driver was given five pounds (roughly twenty-five dollars) and told to go as far as he could. Out of that twenty-five dollars he had to pay for gas, oil, replacement parts, and repairs of all sorts. He covered something over 2,000 miles. Had

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these four people traveled 2,000 miles second class by rail in France, they would have spent close to one hundred and sixty dollars; by automobile (and, on a French road, there are at least a half dozen French cars that would have done as well or better) they spent twenty-five dollars. Naturally, this test was made under ideal conditions and these figures can in no way be accepted as final. But, with any one of the smaller European cars (even a second-hand one) you should be able to travel about, easily, on two cents a mile.

For a period of three or four months, you will find it, I think, considerably wiser and much cheaper to buy a second-hand car than to buy a new one. But it may be well to state, before we go any further, that the French used-car market is *not* glutted as is the American, that a car brings pretty much what it is worth without reference to its age, that prices as a whole are about twice as high as in America. Most of the smaller French autos sell, new, for between six hundred dollars and one thousand dollars; second-hand, and in good condition, they will bring from 40 per cent. to 60 per cent. of their original cost. I should count, then, for a small, two-passenger car, a minimum of about two hundred and fifty dollars; for a larger touring-car, a minimum of between three hundred and fifty dollars and four hundred dollars. If you pay, when you buy, no more than the car is worth, and if, at the end of three months, you sell it fairly well, your losses should not run much over 25 per cent.

As a whole, it is cheaper to buy a car from an individual (through, for instance, the advertisements in the *Intransigent*), but wiser to buy from a company or



## Come With Me Through France

a garage. Most of these organizations will agree to buy the car back on a certain date for a certain specified sum. But if you have bought from an individual, and wish to resell, the wisest plan is to leave your automobile with some garage, offer the *patron* a commission, and let him do the rest. If you are going to buy, I should suggest that you get one of the following:

For two people; or, in a pinch, for three:

The five-horsepower *Citroen*. No longer manufactured but easy to obtain second-hand. Probably the best and most economical of the small cars.

The small *Peugeot*. About in the same class as the *Citroen*.

The *Amilcar*, *Benjamin*, and *Salmson*, which are usually equipped with racing bodies and built rather for speed than for what the French call "*tourisme*."

For any number up to five:

The small *Fiat*. Italian-made, excellent, but a bit expensive.

The ten-horsepower *Citroen*. Excellent, but also a bit high.

The small *Renault*. Excellent and a little less costly than the other two.

These cars have, all of them, much smaller motors than a Ford; this cuts down on the gas consumption but it also means a good deal of gear-shifting when you get into hilly country.

Gasoline, in France, is sold by the five-liters (a liter is just over a quart) and runs from forty cents to fifty cents for this quantity. Oil is somewhat more reasonable, and repairs as a whole are very cheap (the usual price for fixing a flat tire is twenty cents). Garage

## The Practical Side

fees, for the night, amount to very little—in Paris and out, they shouldn't average over thirty cents a time.

Here are a few things you should remember:

(1) Gas stations are less numerous than in America and it's a good idea to carry an emergency supply.

(2) You are expected to tip the mechanics in a French garage—not much, often only a franc, but tip them nevertheless.

(3) When it comes to buying or selling a car, be sure to have some one with you who speaks French fluently. It will pay you.

Going from one European country to another is, thanks to a system of what are known as "triptychs," a comparatively simple affair. A deposit is necessary and certain formalities have to be gone through. The Automobile Club of France arranges this matter gratis for its members, and whether I expected to go into other countries or confine myself to France, I should certainly join this organization if I were you.

### WHERE TO FIND OUT WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW

If I were asked to name, out of all the qualities characteristic of the happy traveler, the most essential, I think I should say "enthusiasm." There is nothing that will altogether take its place—this desire to make each day count, to reduce everything to its essentials, to get out of every situation and every place the maximum of enjoyment. And so, when you go to Europe, lose your pocketbook if you must, but keep your enthusiasm. If you would do this, you must avoid worry about details; you must simplify, in every possible way,

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the practical side of travel; you must waste, over unromantic facts, as few precious minutes as you can. There is no surer way to dull the bright edge of your enthusiasm than to need, badly, some little thing that you cannot find, some trifle grown important for the day, some word of advice or information, essential at the right time and worthless a day later. The places that I mention below are equipped, most of them, to give you specialized information of a certain sort. Their services are, in practically every case, free; and you need have no hesitation about asking them for whatever they can give you.

The *Bureau National de Renseignements de Tourisme* (in other words the National Tourist Information Office), on the Boulevard Haussmann, Paris, supported by the government, is a sort of central clearing-house for general information of all kinds, on Paris, and on France as a whole. You can write them or see them personally; they can give you any number of pamphlets and any amount of advice concerning resorts, interesting places, hotels, excursions, etc. Being a government institution, this bureau has no ax to grind and no profit to show—the information given you is accurate and completely impartial.

There exist, in the majority of larger towns and more important resorts, local chambers of commerce known as *Syndicats d'Initiative*. These organizations (the *Guide Michelin* gives you their addresses wherever they exist) do for each locality what the National Information Office does for Paris and for France as a whole. At times these offices are very helpful.

The *Bureau de Logement*, Rue Volney, Paris, super-

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vised and supported by the city itself, has no other purpose than to help tourists to find satisfactory accommodations in the French capital. Both in the matter of hotels and in the rather more complicated question of furnished rooms, the *Bureau de Logement* service will be found decidedly useful. There is a similar organization on the Rue Paradis, at Nice.

For Paris there are guides and information offices without number. But there are things that no guide-book can tell you, and no information office will. Such things as theaters, concerts, the opera, racing at Long-champs or Auteuil, and the like—these are things that change from day to day and from week to week. Fortunately there is a weekly booklet published by the *Syndicat d'Initiative* of Paris—it is called *The Attractions of Paris*, or, in French, *La Semaine à Paris*, and it sells for about five cents at any of the more important bookstores.

The *Touring Club de France*, with its central office on the Avenue de la Grande Armée, Paris, is an organization which every one who intends to do much walking or bicycling in France should join. The membership fee is nominal—twenty francs at present—and the benefits innumerable—special rates in many hotels, reduced prices on maps, guides, etc., a subscription to the little monthly magazine, and as much expert information as you could desire. For the prospective autoist, the *Automobile Club de France* on the Place de la Concorde, Paris, is a somewhat similar organization. I should see them, if I were in your place, if I were thinking of buying a French car.

The Michelin Company of France is one of the most

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remarkable business houses in any country. Its directors seem to have decided that the best way to advertise their tires is by being a godfather to all motorists and an advising friend to tourists as a whole. I have already spoken of the *Guide Michelin*—its thousand thin pages are packed with helpful information—where to sleep, where to eat, recommended garages, a motor itinerary for the Auvergne, interesting sights in each town, distances between towns, maps, specialties of local cuisine, etc., etc. And the *Cartes Michelin*, those folding maps of France which are so good and so convenient, make a fitting complement to the guide. Both of these—the guide at twenty francs and the maps at four francs each—must be sold at considerably under publication cost. Nor is that all. You will find in the guide, when you buy it, a post-card addressed to the Michelin Company, and being, apparently, a request for a detailed itinerary. If you are going through France by car, fill out this card as directed, and mail it, giving your approximate route. In a week or ten days you will receive, absolutely free of charge, a type-written itinerary with the very latest information about roads, interesting side-trips, hotels, etc. Needless to say, for the motorist, a thing of this sort is invaluable.

If you expect to play golf abroad, there exists a book (known as *L'Annuaire des Golfs de France* and obtainable, for something under a dollar, at any large bookstore) which gives a detailed list of all the golf courses in France, together with such general information on the subject as you are likely to need.

Lastly, there are, in France, thirteen American consulates. If you get into any kind of trouble, or need

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advice of a rather general sort, the consul is your man. He will do everything in his power to help you. And he can give you, at the same time, information about the duty you will have to pay on any more expensive souvenirs. These are the consulates, with their street addresses:

### Paris

1, Rue des Italiens

### Bordeaux

27, Cours du Pavé des  
Chartrons

### Calais

5, Rue de l'Hospice

### Havre (le)

43, Quai George V

### Lyons

2, Place de la Bourse

### Nantes

3, Rue Kléber

### Strasbourg

4, Quai Koch

### Biarritz

4, Rue Lavernis

### Boulogne

17, Rue Félix Adam

### Cherbourg

40, Rue du Val-de-Saire

### Lille

6, Rue Faidherbe

### Marseilles

6, Place St. Ferréol

### Nice

35, Boulevard Victor Hugo

## LETTERS AND TELEGRAMS

A traveled letter is like a traveled man. The veriest circular, once it crosses the Atlantic, acquires, somehow, a new cloak of dignity. The annual letter from Podunk, Iowa, which at home we should scan hurriedly and throw into the waste-basket, is, when it reaches us in Paris, an object worthy of the greatest veneration and respect. It should be opened with ceremony, read with care, and filed in a safe place for future reference.

Letters from home, to the American abroad, are as essential as the food he eats and the clothes that cover



## Come With Me Through France

his nakedness. Do you doubt it? Go some morning to Cook's or the American Express Company and watch the crowds surge, like a wave of nostalgia, into the mail department. You would think, from the desperate look on their faces and their general air of distraction, that they were expecting something—as a matter of fact, they aren't. They are merely hoping.

All this being true, I should arrange about my mail, if I were you, before I left America. There are any number of companies that will do your forwarding for you—your bank (if you have a letter of credit), the Bankers' Trust (if you pay them five dollars), the American Express Company (if you carry their travelers' checks and patronize their travel services). All of these organizations are fairly dependable—the American Express Company, because it has some half dozen offices in various parts of France, is perhaps the best.

In many cases, while you are traveling abroad, you will want your mail sent to a town where no such office exists. When this is true, let me advise you—*don't* have your letters sent to a hotel. Notify your forwarding agents, either by letter or wire, that your address, up to a given date, will be *Poste Restante*, Toulouse; *Poste Restante*, Rouen, etc. Any letters so marked will be held at the main post office until you call for them in person with your passport as proof of identity.

Another thing that it is well to remember is that all the telegraph lines of France are government-owned. All cables and telegrams, therefore, are sent and received through the post offices. Telegraph rates inside

## The Practical Side

of France are exceptionally—almost absurdly—low, and cabling to America, even, is much less expensive than most people believe. If you expect to do much cabling back and forth, you would be wise to get, before you go, a *Western Union Code Book* (free at any of the American Express Company offices in New York); and, in cases that are not particularly urgent, you can, by marking your cablegrams "L.C.D." (thus subjecting them to a possible delay of twenty-hour hours), send them for half price.

And don't forget that you can get postage stamps (*timbres postes*) in France at any tobacco store, that the rate to America is one franc fifty, that, if you want your letter to go off on a certain ship—a particularly fast one, for instance—you have only to write that ship's name, and the date of its sailing, on the envelope.



*Chapter Three:* WHAT TO SEE



THE DIVISIONS OF FRANCE

- |   |                                   |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| 1. Paris                                    | 8. Burgundy and Berry             |
| 2. Around Paris                             | 9. From the Loire to the Pyrenees |
| 3. Normandy                                 | 10. The Pyrenees                  |
| 4. Brittany                                 | 11. Auvergne and the Cevennes     |
| 5. The Château Country                      | 12. The French Alps               |
| 6. Picardy, Champagne, and the Battlefields | 13. Provence                      |
| 7. Alsace-Lorraine                          | 14. The Riviera                   |
|   | 15. Corsica                       |

### Chapter III

#### WHAT TO SEE

#### PARIS

“**P**ARIS,” said Goethe, “is the universal city.” She is the capital, not of France, but of civilization. There is the springtime of youth in her streets and the hoary autumn of age upon her houses. For centuries men have regarded her as a queen; they have brought her the bright gifts of their talent; they have poured the golden oil of their genius upon her altars. Men have died that Paris might live, and lived that Paris might become beautiful. To-day she is like a very great lady—regal, and intensely feminine, gracious, and beautiful, serenely conscious of the admiration of the world, smiling at her lovers, giving them her jeweled fingers to kiss.

By the side of Paris, London is a colorless nobody and New York an ill-mannered young man from the West. Somehow, when one walks on London streets, one feels the presence of drab forgotten millions, of an immeasurably vast monotony stretching away to a far, a gray, an indefinite horizon. Paris horizons are very different; they are beautiful, always, and full of meaning. Paris is trim as a girl and perfect as a well-cut jewel; her crowds are never crowds—they are collections of individuals.



## Come With Me Through France

In New York one feels always the upward thrust of a young nation, the struggle and torment of a climbing world. In Paris there is no struggle and no torment—only a sure tranquillity—like that of an empress.

I have been in Paris on spring evenings when it seemed to me that she was the most beautiful thing ever constructed by the hand of man. I remember one time I stood, just as the gold was fading out of the twilight sky, in the great exterior court of the Louvre. On my left was the glorious home of the Winged Victory of Samothrace and, beyond, the Seine went quietly upon her silver way. Off to the right I could see the lights coming on along the Rue de Rivoli, and I knew that over there somewhere, beyond the gray façade of the Ministry of Finance, beyond the Comédie Française, were the gardens of the Palais Royal, where Camille Desmoulins made the speech that fired Paris to revolution. And out of that Revolution I thought I saw a man rise—a silent, dark, little figure—there in front of me was the Arc du Carrousel which he built to celebrate his victory at Austerlitz. Farther away, over the alleys and shadowy purlieus of the Tuileries Gardens (now gray with dusk), I could see the Champs-Élysées mounting, like a sort of heavenly staircase, to the sky. Suddenly it seemed to me that Paris, in all her beauty, brushed by my shoulder—I could feel her cool fingers upon my cheek—and then I understood why it was that conquering kings had brought their spoils to lay at the feet of Paris, and why all men loved her. And it seemed to me that the Tuileries Gardens were peopled with ghosts. Louis Quartorze was there, who paid for the gardens, and Lenôtre who built them;

## What to See

Napoleon, who loved the gardens, and Eugénie who lost them. Up from the Place de la Concorde there came a ghastly throng—the three thousand unfortunates who fell under the guillotine during two terrible years. The night hid their faces but I knew that among those dark shadows stood Danton—huge, leonine, fearless to the end; I knew that Robespierre was there, “the sea-green incorruptible”; Louis XVI who died like a king and Marie Antoinette who died like a queen, and beautiful Charlotte Corday. A strange company to be gotten together there where children play on summer afternoons!

I wish I could walk with you through the streets of Paris and tell you just a little of their history and their romance. I should like to take your elbow on the Quai des Célestins and say, “Here, one day, a boy got out of a stage-coach; he had come up from the South to go to military school, and his name was Napoleon.” To wander with you into the Place des Vosges and remind you that Henri II was killed there, while jousting. To stand with you in front of Notre Dame and say, “There Quasimodo lived, and along this street they brought Esmeralda.” To walk with you where Molière walked, and climb the stairs that Voltaire climbed, and show you the house where Marat was assassinated. But of what use are a few hundred words? You would need armies of them to tell the story of Paris—a whole regiment of them would scatter and be lost in the houses of a single memorable street. The history of Paris is the history of France—her pavements have echoed to the tread of half the famous men of the world.

But don't, I beg of you, get your nose so deep into

## Come With Me Through France

the past that you fail to see the Paris of to-day—that delicate, radiant city which is somehow the expression of all the beauty and all the perfection of French civilization.

Stand, some morning, in the Place de l'Opéra. See how the boulevards and avenues come marching up to you, as to the hub of some colossal wheel. You are standing at the Golden Milestone of the modern world. There beside you is the most famous café in Europe. They say that men go there to look for long-lost brothers; and, if you sit down in one of those little wicker armchairs which front the street, that sooner or later you will see all the lost people of the world go by.

But turn for a moment down the Rue de la Paix, past the greatest *couturiers* of two hemispheres—Paquin whose pleats mean two-column headlines, and Worth who cuts like a god—to where the Place Vendôme lies, a small octagonal pendant upon the breast of the city. How beautiful it is, this masterpiece of Mansard's—shut in by its low, even row of buildings, with the Emperor's slim, lovely column rising like a fountain out of the center. By what chance did Napoleon, whose eye was ever upon the spacious and the impressive, erect a monument so exquisite in its charm?

Or follow the line of the Grands Boulevards, some day when the flower-market makes bright splotches of color upon the pavement, to the Madeleine. It stands just at the top of that elegant ribbon which is the Rue Royale—swathed in white marble, useless as a dowager, a little soiled despite its dignity, a bit bewildered by the rush of modern life. It seems too young to have learned, as Notre Dame has learned, that generations

## What to See

come and go and are forgotten. It seems to turn up a white supercilious nose at the young women who come out of Molyneaux', and stare (without the faintest shadow of friendly recognition) at the tourists who come out of Cook's.

Down at the other end of the Rue Royale is the Place de la Concorde. It is one of the vastest, and perhaps the most beautiful, square in the world. The obelisk in its center looks like a toy and across it, against the green of the Elysée Gardens, the Chevaux de Marly look like the small tin horses of a child.

Let us start once more from our Golden Milestone, and follow the Avenue de l'Opéra to the Louvre and the Seine. What can I, who have to be so chary of my pages, say of the Louvre? That it is impossibly large and hopelessly wonderful. That Venus de Milo is there and Mona Lisa and many other ladies as famous and as beautiful. That it is an epic of the world's art and that you should go there a dozen times. And how inadequate are words to tell you of the summer loveliness of the Seine! Of all that river life which is so much a part of Paris. How many afternoons have I leaned on those parapets along the *Quais*, or browsed in the bookstalls, and watched the river! Seen the little boats go by, with their smoke-stacks bobbing at every low-arched bridge; gazed at the fishermen who come there daily, and get nothing for their pains except the sunshine. How often have I wandered (as you will wander) from that elaborate skeleton which is the Eiffel Tower, to where Notre Dame rises, queenlike and superb, out of her historic island!

## Come With Me Through France

Paris is divided off into "quarters." Over on the *rive gauche*, the left bank of the Seine, stretching from the Boulevard St. Germain down and around the Luxembourg Gardens, is the Old Latin Quarter. And on beyond, where Montparnasse meets Raspail and cafés blossom in every narrow doorway, is the American-English-Latin-Bohemian Quarter. It is the home of painters (where few pictures are painted); the place where young men come to write the Great American Novel, and live instead on a little Pernod and much conversation.

Across the river (to come back again to where we started) there are a dozen quarters—there is the rich, dull section around the Arc de Triomphe; the picturesque *Marais*, not far from Notre Dame; there is that wicked hill that we choose to call Montmartre. You will want to climb, some day at dusk, to where the church of Sacré Cœur stands high above the city; you will want to spend a morning in the gardens of the Champs-Élysées, just to see the lovers and the Punch and Judy shows. And finally, as if to follow life to its inevitable ending, you will want to go to the Cemetery of Père Lachaise. The earthly glory of immortal Paris is buried there—the men who loved her and made her beautiful. They lie in close-ranked legions under the greensward—the famous and the mighty and the great. They are dead (let us do them honor!) but their city lives on, undying, forever youthful, forever wonderful.



## What to See

### SEEING PARIS

#### *Hotels*

There are over eight thousand hotels in Paris. I have never counted them, but I am perfectly willing to accept somebody else's word for it. These eight thousand hotels range all the way from the palaces of the Champs-Élysées and the Place Vendôme, where speaking French is a lost art and a hundred-franc note is the lowest common denominator, to the dingy little side-street taverns near the slaughter-houses, where the beds are less clean and no more comfortable than the benches in the Luxembourg Gardens.

To find, out of these eight thousand, the right hotel, is no easy problem. Most Americans who go abroad, it seems to me, have whole books full of addresses given them by friends. But whether you "have" a Paris hotel or not, here are a few generalities that should help you.

*First*, get it out of your head that a convenient situation is an important thing. The Paris transportation facilities are the best in the world. Naturally, if you are out to see the city you will not want to live in the suburbs—but who would, anyway?

*Second*, if you are wise, you will eat as rarely as possible in your hotel dining-room. Hotel meals are expensive and not particularly good. It is essential, then, to find a neighborhood where the restaurants (of whatever class you wish) are plentiful and easily located.

*Third*, the hotel prices vary greatly according to the district. A room for which you would pay twenty-



## Come With Me Through France

five francs near St. Germain des Prés would probably cost you three times that on any one of the streets near the Champs-Élysées.

The first-class travelers, as a whole, will want to be near the Place Vendôme, the Place de la Concorde, the Grands Boulevards or the Champs-Élysées.

The second-class travelers will do well to look for a hotel in the vicinity of the Palais Royal (Rue St. Honoré, Rue de Richelieu), in the Faubourg Poissonnière, or, across the river, on the streets that run back from the Quai Malaquais (Rue Bonaparte, Rue de Seine, etc.).

The person who is looking for cheap, clean, and fairly comfortable lodgings could scarcely do better than to wander around in the district south of the Boulevard St. Germain (on the *rive gauche*) from St. Germain des Prés, past the Luxembourg Gardens, to the Sorbonne and the Panthéon. Another cheap quarter lies just east of the Gare St. Lazare.

### *Restaurants*

It is not without reason that the French language is a sort of culinary Esperanto. Paris is the capital of the gourmet's world. I am giving below some of the most famous of Paris restaurants—a meal in any one of them is a memorable event. But their prices are high—even by American standards.

*Bœuf à la Mode*—Rue Valois.

An old-fashioned place near the Palais Royal. Famous among gourmets for its *canard pressé*, etc.

## What to See

*Café de Paris*—Avenue de l'Opéra.

Perhaps the most luxurious and expensive of them all.

*Drouant*—Rue Gaillon.

A very Parisian restaurant near the Opéra. Excellent cellar.

*L'Escargot*—Rue Montorgeuil.

Near the markets. Known for its snails.

*Foyot*—Rue de Tournon.

Near the Luxembourg. Considered, by many people, the best luncheon restaurant in Paris.

*Gauclair*—Rue Richelieu.

Near the Boulevard des Italiens.

*Lapérouse*—Quai des Augustins.

Just across the Seine from the Ile de la Cité.

*Larue*—Place de la Madeleine.

Very French. Music and *filet de sole*.

*Marguery*—Boulevard du Temple.

Near the Place de la République. The most famous *filet de sole* in the world.

*Paillard*—Boulevard des Italiens.

*Pavillon d'Armenonville*—In the Bois de Boulogne.

On a summer night it is one of the "sights" of Paris.

*Poccardi*—Boulevard des Italiens.

The leading Italian restaurant of the city.

*Prunier*—Rue Duphot.

Near the Madeleine. Famous for its sea-food.

*Ritz*—Place Vendôme (restaurant entrance on the Rue Cambon).

Perhaps the finest hotel restaurant in Europe.

*La Tour d'Argent*—Quai de la Tournelle.

Just across the Seine from the Ile St. Louis. The oldest restaurant and about the best food in Paris.

*Voisin*—Rue St. Honoré.

Certainly, as far as claret is concerned, the most perfect cellar in the world.

These places, as I say, are all expensive. Eating in them regularly is good for the stomach but assuredly

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bad for the budget. And those who carry their morale in traveler's checks will prefer to eat, most of the time, in restaurants where the prices are a little more reasonable. Paris is full of good, small, middle-class restaurants. They range from the *Giffon*, on the Rue d'Antin, which just misses being a first-class house, to *Delpuech* at 1, Avenue de l'Opéra, where you can get a very decent *prix fixe* meal for twelve francs. There is *Michaud*, on the Rue des Saints Pères; *Pauline*, on the Rue de Villedo; the *Escargot d'Or*, on the Rue des Innocents—and five hundred others. There are the *bouillons*—*Duval*, *Boulant*, *Chartier*—which have branches all over Paris and are excellent and quite moderate in price. And there are the really cheap restaurants—such as *Vidrequin*, on the Rue de Provence, where you eat and eat well for some eight francs, including wine. I can't even pretend to give you a list of such places—I can only tell you that I have eaten many times in Paris for a ten-franc note, and never eaten badly; that all of the more inexpensive "*maisons de bouche*" post their menus, with prices, outside; that you can get a cheap cold lunch in any *brasserie*; that Parisian food, of all classes, is probably the best in the world.

### *Transportation*

I know of no city, either in America or Europe, that has a transportation system at all comparable to that of Paris—no city where you can get about so easily, so quickly and for so little money.

First come to the Parisian taxis: there are thousands

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of them. They go like the wind and cost about ten cents a kilometer (or fifteen cents a mile). The average ride will scarcely cost you over twenty cents and you can go clear across Paris, from the Arc de Triomphe to the Gare de Lyon, for something over fifteen francs. Step up to the curb of any street in the city, lift your hand, and say "Ho-la!" There will be a taxi there in less time than it takes to tell. When you get out, pay your meter reading and tip the driver a franc or so.

The subways of Paris, the *métros*, are cheap and remarkably good. There are two classes—second costs sixty centimes, and first one franc. The trains are sometimes crowded but never jammed, the stations are conveniently close together, and by changing one or more times you can come within a couple of blocks of practically any given point in Paris. There are maps in every kiosk and every station, and little plans in every car. You can't get lost—and the only drawback is that you go under Paris instead of going through it.

There are, in addition, some fifty bus lines and as many tramways. Other things being equal, I shouldn't bother with these—they are fairly complicated and, unless you have some sort of guide, likely to be confusing. But I should, whenever possible, take the little boats along the Seine—they are amusing, and the Seine is beautiful. And what they lack in speed, they make up for in picturesqueness.

# Come With Me Through France

## WHAT TO SEE AND HOW TO SEE IT

### *The Old Quarters*

Paris, for all the sophistication of her boulevards, for all the spacious beauty of her avenues, still contains quarters which are quaint and almost medieval in their charm. And strangely enough, these districts are in the very heart of Paris—the Marais lies between the Seine and the Grands Boulevards, the Ile St. Louis is five minutes' walk from Notre Dame, the Faubourg St. Germain stretches out just behind the Chamber of Deputies.

Easily first of the three, in the matter of history and beauty, is the Marais. Imagine a sort of right-angled triangle, with its base the Seine and its hypotenuse following the line of the boulevards from the Place de la Bastille to the Place de la République. It is far from a small quarter—but you can see most of it in a long day afoot. Because of their old and famous houses, I can recommend particularly the following streets—lay out an itinerary for yourself to include as many of them as possible:

Rue François Miron	Rue de Turenne
Rue de l'Hôtel de Ville	Rue de Thorigny
Rue Eginhardt	Rue du Temple
Rue des Francs-Bourgeois	Rue du Figuier
Rue de Sévigné	Rue Geoffroy l'Asnier
Rue des Archives	Place des Vosges
Rue de Jouy	Rue Pavée
Quai des Célestins	Rue Vieille-du-Temple
Rue St. Antoine	

The Ile St. Louis (the island that lies just upstream from the Ile de la Cité) is like a small fort of

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tranquillity, set down in the center of busiest Paris. It is so tiny that an itinerary is really superfluous—you can walk the length of its quays and its one principal street in something under an hour.

The Faubourg St. Germain is the least interesting of the three—and if I had to neglect one of these old quarters of Paris, I should certainly see the other two and let this one go. But if, some afternoon, you have an hour or two to spare, begin at the church of St. Clothilde (near the Invalides) and see, particularly, the Rue de Bourgogne, the Rue St. Dominique, the Rue de Grenell and the Rue de l'Université.

### *Museums and Churches*

The museums and churches of Paris are without number. It would take a busy fortnight to see half of them. But, fortunately for us, out of the lot there are only a dozen or so that are really *worth* seeing—the others are rather places for specialists than for people like ourselves. I am listing below, with a word of explanation in each case, the more important:

### *Museums*

The *Louvre*—No one can see the Louvre in a single visit. I should go there three or four times if I were you—I should see the sculpture—especially the Greek and the medieval French. But the painting of the Louvre is its crowning glory. One might call it a cross-section of the world's art from the Egyptians to the Impressionists.

The *Luxembourg*—Rue Vaugirard. Any museum seems small and impoverished by the side of the Louvre. But the



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Luxembourg gives you an excellent idea of the last fifty years in French painting, with such men as Degas, Manet, Monet, Pissaro, Renoir, Toulouse-Lautrec, Van Gogh, Bonnat, Daumier, Bourdelle, etc., well represented.

The *Musée Carnavalet*—Rue de Sévigné. A most interesting collection pertaining to the history of Paris, particularly during the Revolution.

The *Musée Jacquemart-André*—Boulevard Haussmann. A superb group of paintings, especially notable for its Rembrandts, and its Italian and French primitives. Some very fine sculpture as well.

The *Musée Cluny*—Rue du Sommerard. The building itself is nothing short of a gem, and it contains a large number of very fine things—tapestries, faïences, ceramics, enamel work, furniture, carved ivory, jewelry, embroideries, etc.

The *Trocadéro*—Just across the Seine from the Eiffel Tower. No one who is interested in French architecture should fail to see the Musée de Sculpture Comparée in the Trocadéro.

The *Musée de l'Armée*—In the Invalides. An unsurpassed collection of arms and military relics that range all the way from the sword of Boabdil to the airplane of Guynemer. See this museum before you go to the Battlefields.

## Churches

*Notre Dame*—On the Ile de la Cité. The most famous and one of the greatest of French cathedrals. You shouldn't miss the view from the tower.

The *Sainte Chapelle*—In the court of the Palais de Justice on the Ile de la Cité. A small Gothic jewel with some of the finest stained glass in France.

*St. Germain-des-Prés*—Boulevard St. Germain. A fine old building and most ancient church of the city.

*St. Etienne du Mont*—Place Ste. Geneviève. Fine glass and a beautiful rood-screen.

*Sacré Cœur*—On the top of Montmartre hill. The church

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itself is new but the view from the dome is one of the most memorable in Paris.

The *Madeleine*—At the upper end of the Rue Royale. Famous, but not particularly beautiful except as seen from the Place de la Concorde.

### *Some Other Things*

*Les Halles*, the central market of Paris, makes a good place either to begin a day or end a night. To get there, follow the Rue Pont-Neuf up from the Seine. You should visit *les Halles* between five and eight in the morning or not at all.

All Saints' Day in *Père Lachaise Cemetery* is an unforgettable experience. But, if you take a plan with you, *Père Lachaise* is worth an afternoon any time. A surprising percentage of France's great men and women are buried there. Here are a few names—Molière, Chopin, Ingres, Balzac, Delacroix, Sarah Bernhardt, Rachel, Rosa Bonheur—and Oscar Wilde.

The view from the top of the *Arc de Triomphe* will give you a better idea of the spaciousness and beauty of Parisian boulevards than almost anything else in the city.

Napoleon's tomb is in the *Hôtel des Invalides*, and is tremendously impressive.

The *Palais de Justice*, on the Ile de la Cité, is perhaps the most historic building in Paris. In addition to the Sainte Chapelle, of which I have already spoken, you will want to see the Salle des Pas-Perdus, the Galerie des Prisonniers, the Salle des Gardes, and the Conciergerie where Marie Antoinette (and Desmoulins, Danton, and Robespierre as well) spent the last days of her life. To visit the Conciergerie you must apply to the Directeur des Prisons at the Prefecture on the Rue de Lutec nearby.

# Come With Me Through France

## AROUND PARIS

If, on some May morning, you could rise, as a bee rises, from the greenness of the Tuileries Gardens or from the yellow horse-chestnut blossoms along the lower reaches of the Champs-Élysées, rise higher and still higher and swing in ever-widening circles over Paris and the country around Paris, swing till you saw Chantilly and the rolling verdure of Fontainebleau, till you could just make out, against the western horizon, the twin spires of Chartres—then you would see the Ile de France.

First of all, you would see Paris—round as an apple and gray as the Northern sea, streaked faintly with green along her boulevards, with her roofs and her churches and her towers reaching skyward out of an undulating plain—and the Seine across her bosom like a silver band. And then you would see the woods where the Kings of France once hunted with horn and dog and horse—the woods which shut them off from Paris and her *canaille* (the Louis' had no love of the rabble). You would see the Wood of Meudon and the Forest of Saint-Germain, the Forest of Fontainebleau and the Wood of Marly. You would see the green plains where the little rivers come down and lose themselves in the Seine. You would see—surely even from that height your eye could note their perfection—the gardens of Versailles as Lenôtre left them. You would see the Gothic spires of Senlis, Pierrefonds with its battlements and towers, and the colossal choir of the cathedral of Beauvais.

The history of the Ile de France is essentially the

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history of the Bourbons—the French kings in their proudest days wore upon their shields only the lilies of the Seine. And the woods that girdle Paris are sown with the homes of royalty. Some of these are still standing—Versailles in its splendor, and Fontainebleau—but Marly is fallen, and Meudon and Saint-Cloud and Saint-Germain.

“Marly for my friends,” said Louis. Now there is a hilltop only, that fronts the Seine, and a few fast-crumbling walls tangled with weeds and briars. And Marly, they say, cost almost as much as Versailles; its gardens were a flashing dream of green and of sunlit water; here the *Roi Soleil*, gay, with his courtiers—but Marly to-day is peopled only with ghosts.

Meudon was the home of the Grand Dauphin. Meudon too is a ruin and peopled with ghosts. Meudon too is silent.

Of the two castles of Saint-Germain, one, the *Château Vieux* still remains. And the mile-long terrace that Mansard and Lenôtre built above the river is still there with its lime trees and its magnificent view. But Saint-Germain is a sad place and a desolate one—everything is a little threadbare and down at the heel, and the air of royalty has long since departed.

Before we go on to Versailles, let us pause, just a moment, at Malmaison. Malmaison, too, is a sad place—a place of poignant memories. It was here that the Empress Josephine came to live after Napoleon had divorced her—here where they had lived so happily in the days when he was First Consul. It was here that Napoleon himself, led by who knows what strange fancy, came after Waterloo—you can see his papers

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and his letters and a great many of his little personal odds and ends. For Malmaison, more than Ajaccio, more than the Tuileries or the Trianon, is the home of Napoleon, the man.

When I think of Versailles, of its splendor and its lavish beauty, and realize that I must try to tell you, in a paragraph or so, what Versailles is and why you should go there, I am somewhat terrified. But to me, at least, the charm of Versailles is the genius of Lenôtre. Surely there never lived another landscape gardener so great—how deftly he models and how sure is his touch! Here dark woods mirrored in still water, long grassy terraces that the eye can follow to a far horizon, scented gardens, and everywhere fountains springing into sudden exuberant life. We have come a long way since Girardon set up his little white nymphs in the gardens of the King; our tastes have changed since Le Moyne and Lebrun painted their allegories on the ceilings of Versailles, and all the elaborate magnificence of the *Galerie des Glaces* seems, somehow, no longer appropriate. Say, if you like, that grandeur has departed from the earth; say, rather, that all this pomp and pretense no longer deceives us, that we have come to realize that simplicity is half of greatness. But you will want to see King Louis's bedroom—it is the apotheosis of the *Grand Siècle*—you will want to go to the Trianon, where the shades of the Bourbons mingle with the shades of the First Empire, to the Petit Trianon and to the toy dairy where Marie Antoinette played at farming while France starved. And then, finally, you will come back to Lenôtre. He, after all, was the master—he and Mansard. Let the



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Louis' go on their shadowy way into the past—Lenôtre lives on, he has left us beauty.

Fontainebleau is a rambling, less perfect Versailles. A huge structure of wings and courts and galleries sprawled out on the edge of the most famous forest in France. But it is doubtful if even Versailles can show anything as splendid as the *Salle des Fêtes* of Fontainebleau, and if you were to match history for history, even Versailles would have to look to its laurels. Fontainebleau, for all its princely splendor, is a palace of ghosts—Francis I and Henri II and the beautiful Diane de Poitiers, Marie de' Medici, Madame de Maintenon, the "little Corsican," and the ill-fated Empress Eugénie—they are all there. And as we walk through the empty rooms we seem to see disapproving eyes looking down from the mirrors, and proud faces, just a little sad.

But enough of palaces—let us go to Chantilly. Here is a monument to a real aristocrat—the Duc d'Aumale, who spent his life collecting paintings and finally, dying, gave his château and the priceless treasures it contained to the nation which had sent him into exile. It is well worth a trip to Chantilly to see these things—above all, the wonderful miniatures by Jehan Fouquet and Pol de Limbourg, and this not to mention Raphael and Filippino Lippi and a hundred others.

I have kept Chartres until the last because Chartres is the most beautiful. I am speaking now of the cathedral, for the town itself, though interesting, is completely overshadowed. What, after all, would not be overshadowed by Chartres, the incomparable? With her spires that are the pride of France and her



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stained glass that is the finest in the world? With her carved façade and her rood-screen and her great rose window aglow like a western sky? We may chatter of Versailles if we like, we may talk of Fontainebleau, but before Chartres we can only be silent. Chartres is a benediction.

### SEEING THE ENVIRONS OF PARIS

Of the many ways to spend, say, five or ten dollars during your stay in Paris, surely there is none that will yield a richer return of pleasure than to crowd into a single week some half dozen excursions into the outlying country—to see Versailles, Versailles the lavish and the beautiful; Chantilly and tall Chartres, loveliest of cathedrals; to follow the Kings of France as they move from forest palace to vaster forest palace, through Fontainebleau and Marly and Meudon, across the terraces of Saint-Germain-en-Laye.

There are bus people who will offer to take you to these places; their barkers will intercept you on every street-corner, and you will see their "luxurious saloon motor-coaches" parked two deep along the Rue Scribe and the Rue Auber. And many people, just because it seems the easier way, fall gently into the rut of the "escorted tourist." Personally, I should rather stay at home. That, after all is still easier; and I resent being treated like a sheep either in America or abroad. If you find travel in France, by rail and boat and tram, so difficult that you are afraid to start out to Versailles alone, you were better off where you came from, for you will never see France. So let's leave the sightseeing

## What to See



THE ENVIRONS OF PARIS

## Come With Me Through France

busses for the timid and the foolish, and travel as the Parisian travels, for the Parisian knows. And if you are willing to go third class—no great hardship when the longest trip is scarcely fifty miles—I can promise you seven rich days for something under six dollars. I am giving below seven detailed itineraries for the environs of Paris. I shall not say that if you take these trips that I have outlined you will have seen everything worth seeing in the Ile de France—that would be absurd—but if you take these you will have seen the best. And let me say, before I go on to the itineraries proper, that the fountains of Versailles play the first Sunday of each summer month—and that, if you want a complete and very sympathetic guide, you might get Cecilia Hill's *Fifty Miles Round Paris*.

- (1) 1 day. Versailles, by rail from the Gare St. Lazare. After lunch, to Meudon by rail *via* Sèvres. Afoot to Bellevue (20 minutes). By boat along the Seine to Paris.  
*Total cost:* First class, \$.65; second class, \$.50; third class, \$.35.
- 2 days. 1st day—Chartres by rail from the Gare Montparnasse.  
2nd day—Returning to Paris by way of Versailles, Meudon, and Bellevue as in itinerary (1).  
*Total cost:* First class, \$3.10; second class, \$2.15; third class, \$1.40.
- (2) 1 day. Malmaison by tram from the Porte Maillot. To Saint-Germain-en-Laye by tram. Luncheon. By rail to Marly-le-Roi. By rail to Paris (St. Lazare).  
*Total cost:* First class, \$.90; second class, \$.60; third class, \$.45.

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- (3) 1 day. Senlis, *via* Chantilly from the Gare du Nord. To Chantilly by rail. Luncheon. By rail to Paris (Gare du Nord).  
*Total cost:* First class, \$1.95; second class, \$1.35; third class, \$.85.
- 2 days. 1st day—Beauvais by rail from the Gare du Nord. To Chantilly *via* Creil.  
2nd day—Chantilly to Senlis, to Pierrefonds *via* Villers-Cotterets, to Compiègne, and thence to Paris (Gare du Nord) by rail.  
*Total cost:* First class, \$5.85; second class, \$3.95; third class, \$2.55.
- (4) 1 day. Fontainebleau by rail from the Gare de Lyon (arriving before 10 o'clock). P.L.M. Bus Circuit of the north half of the Forest of Fontainebleau, visiting Barbizon, etc. By rail to Paris (Gare de Lyon) after seeing the châteaux.  
*Total cost:* First class, \$2.50; second class, \$1.85; third class, \$1.35.
- (5) ½ day. Saint-Denis by rail from the Gare du Nord. Returning to the Gare du Nord.  
*Total cost:* First class, \$.25; second class, \$.17.

## NORMANDY

Normandy sits in the show-case of Europe and the world goes by. There is something a little brazen about the way she flaunts her charms—showing her curves and her dimples to the public at large. She is stared at by all sorts of people and her attractions are

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as well known and as often discussed as those of a musical comedy actress.

Every one looks at Normandy and every one knows her for what she is. People see her out of train windows on the way to Paris—a green little country of cottage gardens, of grass-covered hills and slow winding rivers that run gently, as if they had eaten of lotus and forgotten the sea. People come to sit on the sands of Deauville and bask in the sunshine of Paris-Plage. They come to do homage to that greatest of architectures—Norman Gothic; to wander on the old streets of Rouen and climb the high rock of Mont-Saint-Michel.

Normandy is the guide-book paradise—the sort of place that Muirhead would build if he were given ten million pounds and a free hand. Mr. Baedeker, when he gets there, fairly quivers with pleasure, scattering asterisks around as an excited woman scatters bundles in a bus. Both of these gentlemen are quite justified. Normandy deserves all the asterisks that they or any one else can give her. But Normandy is a self-sufficient little province—she needs no one to plead her case, and nothing that I could say would make an iota's difference, either for better or worse, in her reputation. I doubt, even, if you believe me when I tell you that the Norman countryside is far from alluring—that its very green fertility is a monotonous and unpleasant thing. But remember, I beg of you, that most people, when they get to Normandy, are in no condition to judge anything. After a week on the water, the veriest desert would look attractive, and Normandy *is* terra firma—she has trees and grass, and she doesn't wobble.

## What to See

It is strange that a region which was for so long the cradle and the home of French Gothic should contain not a single one of the five great cathedrals of France. It is as if the rich Norman seed, blown by the wind into the neighboring provinces, had come to its final flower in Picardy and Berry and Champagne. It is as if Normandy had over-estimated her own resources, scattered her treasures with a too-lavish hand, sown her churches and cathedrals so thickly that not one of them could grow to supreme greatness. Even Rouen, with the highest vault and highest spire in France, cannot be ranked with Amiens and Rheims and Chartres and Bourges and Notre Dame of Paris. But these five, all of them, are more or less isolated; each one is an expression of the architectural aspirations of a whole province—while the city of Rouen alone contains, in addition to the cathedral, two other churches smaller, perhaps, but just as beautiful.

Every man to his taste—but I should call Rouen the most interesting of the provincial cities of France. A sort of gray Gothic Florence clasped round by the Seine as Florence is by the Arno, gracious in her loveliness and glorious in her past. You should see her some afternoon from the Hill of Bon-Secours, with her spires reaching heavenward out of a blue summer haze. Where, I wonder, could one find such a superb collection of quaint crooked streets, of exquisite churches and historic squares. Giant Notre Dame of the three towers, delicate St. Maclou, classic St. Ouen (most perfect of Gothic churches)—as a trio they stand alone. And there is the great belfry, the Palais de Justice, the fine museum, the quays and the streets



## Come With Me Through France

and the old houses. Rouen, the city, is like one of those great cathedrals of the North—massive and unfinished, blossoming with beauty in a hundred different places, a unit, and yet strangely not a unit.

After Rouen comes Caen. Caen is a feast for the architect and a banquet for the lover of beautiful things. It was the home of William the Conqueror and the burial place of Beau Brummel. William, going to England, left it two of the most perfect Romanesque buildings in France; the great dandy, dying in exile, left it only a shadow and a name. Nearby, even more famous and just as interesting, is Bayeux—with its storied tapestry and another one of those magnificent Norman cathedrals. And scattered on down the main line to Paris are a dozen others—picturesque Lisieux of the sagging wooden houses, Conches of the stained glass windows, Evreux of the belfry and the cathedral, Beaumont-le-Roger, and charming Bernay.

Far down in the southwestern corner of Normandy, so far that it seems akin rather to the granite hills of Brittany than to the white sands of the Norman coast, is Mont-Saint-Michel. You should see it first from the terrace at Avranches, with its steep church-crowned rock outlined against an already darkening western sky. Seen thus it is one of the most beautiful and impressive sights in the world. Actually, it is one of the most enchanting places. A bare, rocky mountain that rises out of the sea; a village that is all walls and barbicans and stairways; an abbey church that is a poem in stone. There are few more thrilling things in Europe than to stand on the walls of Mont-Saint-Michel and watch the tide come in. The bay, which

## What to See

has been little more than a mud desert, suddenly becomes liquid; a long line of foam races inland, and almost before you know it, Mont-Saint-Michel is an island again. There is something sinister and wonderful about this rush of water, and in ancient times (before the dyke was constructed) many a traveler was caught and drowned by it.

From drowning to swimming is but a short step and the coast of Normandy, from Dieppe to Granville, is dotted, all summer long, with parasols, and gay with bathers. It is the August play-place of a hemisphere—and upon these white beaches and beside this cool green sea, the warm golden days go swiftly (and expensively). If you like what the French call “ig-leaf” (high life), you will want to go to Deauville, for Deauville is ig-leaf *de luxe*. And if you don’t, there are a hundred other places that you can go to, and have the same sun and the same water for half the money.

Normandy (to turn inland again) is so rich in antiquities that it would take a volume to do her justice. There are fine cathedrals at Coutances and Sées; fine churches at Louviers and Saint-Lô and Fécamp and Pont-Audemer and Eu. The Middle Ages still linger over Domfront and Valognes; Vire and Honfleur are picturesque, and Caudebec is delightful.

And really you shouldn’t think of leaving Normandy without seeing some of her castles—there is Château Gaillard near Les Andelys, which was built by Richard Cœur de Lion in a single year; there is Falaise where William the Conqueror was born; there is Gisors and Creully and Tancarville and Arques. You could spend three months in Normandy and not see it all, and yet

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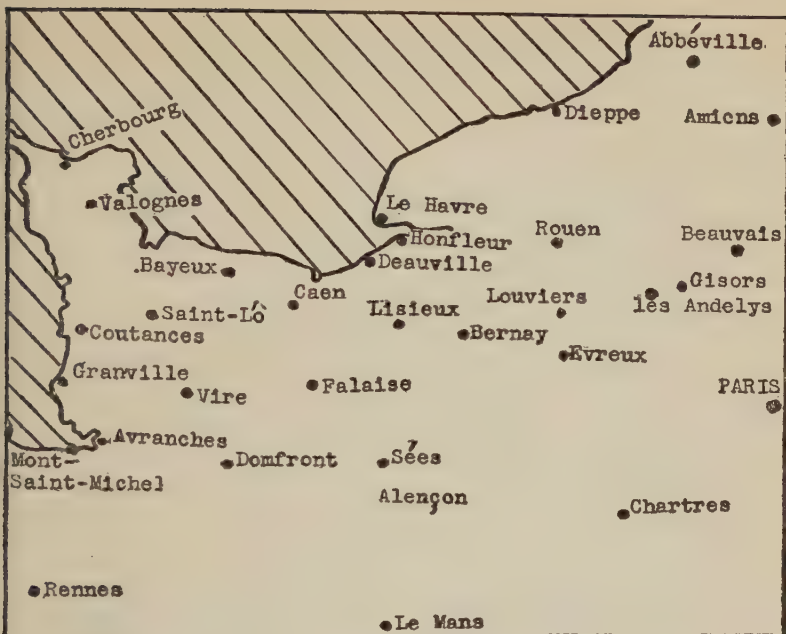
from Paris to Mont-Saint-Michel is less than two hundred miles as the crow flies. But everything is fitted in somehow and nothing jars—resorts and cathedrals, castles and casinos, the sea, and the apple blossoms.

### SEEING NORMANDY

#### *A Word in General*

Normandy, from Alençon to the sea, from Gisors to the little Couesnon which, according to the old Breton proverb "by its folly, has put the Mount (Mont-Saint-Michel) in Normandy," presents an unusual sort of problem for the traveler. Easily first in architecture among the provinces of France, she possesses, nevertheless, few natural beauties and little or no variety in the matter of scenery; she depends for her picturesqueness and undeniable charm on the things that man has made—the cathedral of Bayeux, the churches of Rouen, the castle of Falaise, the old houses of Lisieux. Even Mont-Saint-Michel, magnificent and impressive as it is, would, were it an uninhabited island, be a thing worthy of only passing interest. The best way, therefore, to see Normandy, is to see as many towns as possible, and, in each case, to cover the intervening miles with the utmost dispatch. To go through Normandy by bicycle would be to waste considerable time; to drive your own car would be better; but since few summer travelers have cars, and since Normandy boasts not a single bus line of any importance, the vast majority of Americans will be forced to travel by rail. Seeing Normandy, then, resolves itself into a question

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NORMANDY

## Come With Me Through France

of getting on and off the train—the more times a day you do it, the more of Normandy you will see.

For business of this sort, light luggage is essential. Take nothing that you cannot, if necessary, carry yourself. And when you stop at Bernay, leave your bag or bags in the checkroom until time to go on to Lisieux. By playing this game of “off again, on again” assiduously, it is possible to see a great deal of Normandy in a comparatively short time. I am giving below an eighteen-day itinerary for Normandy and the edges of the surrounding provinces. The matter of daily schedules I have tried to leave as open as possible—the towns in italics are the ones you should not miss seeing; the others are merely suggestions for an hour or two between trains.

### *Eighteen Days in Normandy*

An itinerary for a person who wants to see as much as possible in a short time.

18 days, starting from Paris and returning to Paris.

Total distance—about 1,335 kilometers.

1st day—*Gisors, Beauvais* (s).

2nd day—*Amiens* (s).

3rd day—*Abbeville*, Eu, Le Tréport (s).

4th day—*Dieppe* (s) with excursions to the castle of Arques.

5th day—*Rouen* (s).

6th day—Excursion by boat to *Caudebec*, returning to *Rouen* (s).

7th day—*Les Andelys* (s).

8th day—Elbeuf, *Louviers, Evreux* (s).

9th day—Conches, Beaumont-le-Roger, Bernay, *Lisieux* (s).

## What to See

- 10th day—Pont-l'Évêque, *Deauville*, Cabourg (s).  
11th day—*Falaise*, returning *via* Mézidon to *Caen* (s).  
12th day—*Caen* (s).  
13th day—*Bayeux* (s).  
14th day—Saint-Lô, *Coutances* (s).  
15th day—*Granville* (s).  
16th day—*Avranches*, *Mont-Saint-Michel* (s).  
17th day—*Mont-Saint-Michel*, Fougères, *Vitré* (s).  
18th day—*Le Mans*, *Chartres* (s). To Paris.

Note: (s) indicates a place where a night is spent.

Total railway fare for the above itinerary, plus the boat excursions to Caudebec: First class, \$25.60; second class, \$17.65; third class, \$11.40.

## Market Days

The colorful bustle of a Norman market day is a thing that every traveler should see at least once before he leaves for home. I am giving below the days of the more important of these—as a general thing they are not worth a special trip, but it should be fairly easy to arrange to include, in your normal itinerary, at least two or three of them.

Alençon .....	Thursday
Argentan .....	Tuesday
Avranches .....	Saturday
Bayeux .....	Tuesday, Saturday
Bernay .....	Saturday
Bolbec .....	Thursday
Caen .....	Friday, Sunday
Coutances .....	Monday
Dieppe .....	Saturday
Eu .....	Friday
Evreux .....	Saturday
Falaise .....	Saturday



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Fécamp .....	Saturday
Gisors .....	Monday
Honfleur .....	Saturday
Lisieux .....	Saturday
Louviers .....	Saturday
Pont-Audemer .....	Monday, Friday
Pont-l'Evêque .....	Monday
Rouen .....	Tuesday, Friday
Saint-Lô .....	Saturday
Sées .....	Saturday
Valognes .....	Friday
Vire .....	Friday
Yvetot .....	Wednesday

There exist, in addition, certain fairs and fêtes, extremely picturesque, at which the traditional Norman dress is still worn. The best of these, well worth a special trip down from Paris, is the *Louerie de Domestiques*, the "hiring of servants," which takes place at Bayeux on July 10. The two fairs of Bernay—the horse fair during Holy Week and the wool fair on July 8—are also distinctly out of the ordinary.

### *Churches and Cathedrals*

The churches of Normandy are legion. And those worth seeing range all the way from mighty Notre Dame of Rouen to little St. Catherine, built out of wood, at Honfleur. The following list, therefore, should prove interesting to any one who wishes to get something more than a passing glimpse of Norman Gothic. I have divided the cathedrals and churches rather arbitrarily into three classes—those that rank among the great religious edifices of France; those that

## What to See

are particularly interesting, either on account of their stained glass or some other feature, architectural or decorative; and those, finally, that are nothing more than good examples of Norman architecture, with no claim to greatness. I have thought it wise to list, at the same time, several churches which are not in Normandy proper, but which any trip to Normandy would be likely to include.

### CLASS I

Amiens (in Picardy)	Evreux
Bayeux	Le Mans (south of Normandy)
Beauvais (in Picardy)	
Caen—Trinité	Rouen—Notre Dame
St. Etienne	St. Maclou
Chartres (south of Normandy)	St. Ouen
Coutances—Notre Dame	Mont-Saint-Michel (in Brittany)

### CLASS II

Abbeville (in Picardy)	La Ferté-Bernard
Caudebec	Les Andelys
Caen—St. Pierre	Lisieux—St. Jacques
St. Sauveur	St. Pierre
Conches	Louviers
Coutances—St. Pierre	Pont-Audemer
Dol (in Brittany)	Pont-l'Evêque
Dreux—St. Pierre	Rouen—St. Godard
Chapelle Royale	St. Patrice
Eu	St. Vincent
Elbeuf	Saint-Lô
Fécamp	Sées
Honfleur	Verneuil-sur-Avre

# Come With Me Through France

## CLASS III

Alençon	Falaise
Argentan	Gisors
Beaumont-le-Roger	Saint-Pierre-sur-Dives
Bernay	Valognes
Carentan	Vire
Dieppe	

### *Books*

The one really necessary book for Normandy is a guide—say, Muirhead's *Western France*. But guide-books make very dull reading and perhaps a better plan would be to get, or read before you go, something like *Highways and Byways in Normandy*, by Percy Dearmer, which is a guide and an interesting and well-written travel book as well.

## BRITTANY

Farthest to the west lies Brittany. A beleaguered little province of granite cliffs and rocky promontories, warred on by the unrelenting Western sea. A barren little province of rolling oak woods and uneven coast line.

It seems to me that those people who look to the ocean for their livelihood, whose bodies are constantly at the mercy of wind and storm and water, acquire, somehow, a character apart. There is a certain vast simplicity about them, an immense, tranquil fatalism. They go about their way silently; they are simple and without guile. The sea wind seems to blow through their faces, and their eyes seem to look beyond the

## What to See

material world, into the far, cloudy regions of the Absolute. Of such stuff are the Bretons. How many young lads, I wonder, from Roscoff and Audierne and Oues-sant, fall prey, every year, to the insatiable appetite of the winter sea? How many women sleep alone in the graveyards of Douarnenez and Paimpol and Concarneau?

Brittany is the beggar-maid of France—the poor, the beautiful, the humble one. Normandy, her opulent neighbor, overflows with churches and cathedrals—but the charm of Brittany is the beauty of poverty and the loveliness of an age-old seclusion. No region in Western Europe is so utterly unspoiled; nowhere do the people cling so persistently to the ways, the costumes, the superstitions of their fathers.

The jewels of Normandy are like the tiaras of a great queen. They glitter, they are famous, they demand attention. Brittany wears no jewels. There are a few bright sequins upon her embroidered bodice—fine carvings hewn with infinite labor from the hard granite of the country; small exquisite chapels; gray, walled towns where the aroma of the past still lingers—but Brittany is a peasant girl; she is gracious and shy and quaint. She brings little in the way of tangible dowry to the traveler: she must be loved for herself or not at all.

But who, once he had known her, could help loving Brittany—simple, gentle Brittany, gay in her costumes and devout in her “Pardons”? Who, except a clod, could fail to be delighted with the minstrels of Rumeagnol and the *filets bleus* of Concarneau?

Brittany, I have said, is like a peasant girl. None

## Come With Me Through France

of her possessions are priceless, but she has a great store of picturesque trinkets. And perhaps for this very reason, though generalizations about Brittany are easy, a concrete study of her "attractions" would read like the inventory of a vast antique shop. So let us begin by saying that there are colored sails in the little ports of Brittany, and blue fishing-nets drying in the sun; let us say that all the little towns of Brittany are quaint and full of Old World loveliness; that everywhere one sees costumed women; that from Mont-Saint-Michel to Brest there is scarcely a dull moment.

On three sides Brittany is protected by the sea—and on the fourth by a series of castles and walled cities. There is Vitré of the medieval ramparts (a lesser, livelier Carcassonne), there is towered, battle-scarred Fougères, and grim Châteaubriant. And behind these, like second line defenses—compact little Saint-Malo, Dinan, Vannes, and, in the far south, Guérande.

So let us take the long road that leads westward from Rennes (Rennes, of the fine *hôtel de ville*), the long, crooked, restless road—through picturesque villages and past ancient, well-frequented shrines. We will see Dinan, gray, walled Dinan, that seems to mirror the gray Breton skies. We will glance, *en passant*, at Saint-Brieuc, stop a day at Guingamp, turn aside to Paimpol, and arrive, finally, at Morlaix.

Morlaix is to the north coast what Quimper is to the south—a *centre d'excursions*, interesting above all for the sake of its environs. A circle drawn thirty miles round Morlaix would include two-thirds of the *chef-d'œuvres* of Breton art and Breton architecture. It would include the spire of Saint-Pol-de-Léon that is

## What to See

ranked justly among the highest achievements of Western Gothic, it would include the exquisite Calvaries of Saint-Thégonnec and Guimiliau and Plougastel, the church of Le Folgoët, the chapels of Lambader and Saint-Herbot, the Château of Kerjean.

Quimper is a center rather of natural than of man-made beauty. Nearby are the little towns of the sardine fishermen—Douarnenez, Audierne, Concarneau. And down the coast, in the center of the Arcadian countryside for which this part of Brittany is famous, are Quimperlé and Pont-Aven. Quimper itself is picturesque and characteristically Breton, with a lovely Gothic cathedral and no end of old houses. And in the little towns thereabouts you can see the traditional costumes at their best.

Taken as a whole, however, the south coast of Brittany is less interesting than the north—more peaceful, more gently-sloping, less tormented by the sea. But on the way back toward Vannes you will want to see the Druid stones of Carnac. There are some two thousand of these—gigantic slabs of stone, marshaled like armies over the low rolling hills—prehistoric designs that we shall never decipher, come down to us out of the far dim centuries of the past.

Vannes, with its old ramparts, is worth a visit, and the Château of Josselin to the north is perhaps the most perfect piece of feudal architecture in the province.

Southward, in that little strip of country between the peninsula proper and the Loire, is the ancient walled city of Guérande; and up the river is Nantes. Nantes, the great metropolis of Brittany, is the least "Breton"



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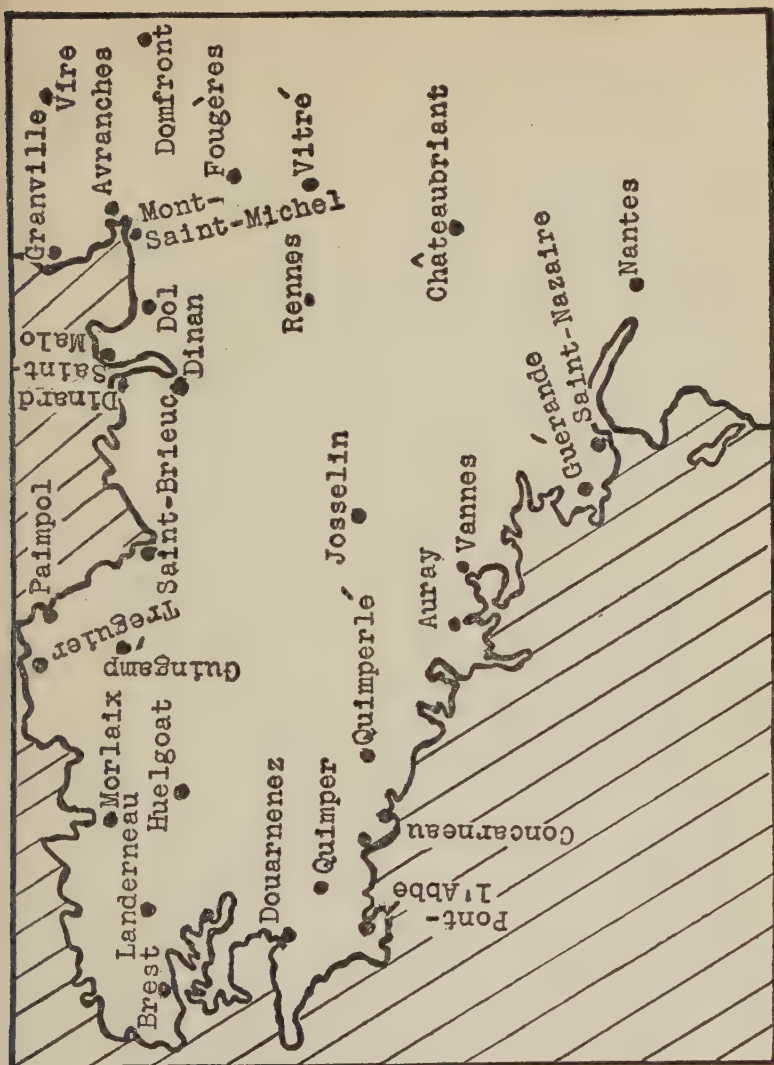
of her towns. Like most industrial and commercial cities, Nantes is without character—were it not for her museum (one of the best of the smaller ones of France), her château, and her cathedral, Nantes would be worthy not even of passing interest. She seems, somehow, foreign to Brittany, a grimy little tail, incongruous and unpleasant, attaching itself to the most picturesque and the loveliest of provinces.

### SEEING BRITTANY

#### *By Auto Bus*

No one who goes through Brittany entirely by rail, though he have the patience of Job and the days of Methuselah, can hope to know the real beauty of this "lost province" of France. There are so many places—Cap Fréhel, Tréguier, the wild Pointe du Raz and the splendid fury of its sea—which are either inaccessible by rail or can be reached, only after innumerable changes and waits, by one of those little narrow-gauge railways that run "once a day and twice on Sundays." To the traveler who would see Brittany at her best, the many bus services organized by the railway companies are a great boon. They enable him to visit quickly, comfortably, and fairly inexpensively, dozens of places which, ten years ago, he could never have seen; they enable him to crowd into each day, two days; to forget junctions and time-tables; to radiate from the larger places without having to worry about the doubtful accommodations of the village inn.

If you are in a hurry and your budget is not too



BRITTANY

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strict, there is no better way to visit Brittany than the five-day circuit from Dinard to Vannes; but no matter how closely you are figuring, steal a few dollars from yourself and take one or more of the single-day excursions from Morlaix or Quimper or Vannes.

The following are the more important of these bus services. I am giving prices and dates; most of these will remain constant, but I should check them up, if I were you,—railway presidents are fickle people,—in a fairly recent issue of the *Indicateur Chaix*, of which I have already spoken, or by inquiry at any fairly important railway station. The services marked with an asterisk are particularly to be recommended.

\* *Circuit of Brittany*—Dinard-Vannes or *vice versa*, five days, about \$18, not including hotel expenses. Leaving Dinard every Monday during June and September; every Monday and Wednesday during July and August. Leaving Vannes every Friday during June and September; every Monday and Friday during July and August.

\* 1st day (beginning with Dinard)—Dinard to Saint-Brieuc, *via* Saint-Cast, Cap Fréhel, Erquy, etc. Single day's trip—about \$3.

\* 2nd day—Saint-Brieuc to Morlaix, *via* Paimpol, Tréguier, Perros-Guirec, Trégastel, Lannion. Single day's trip—about \$4.50.

3rd day—Morlaix to Quimper, *via* Saint-Thégonnec, Guimiliau, Morgat, Locronan. Single day's trip—about \$3.50.

\* 4th day—Excursion from Quimper—Douarnenez, Audierne, Pointe du Raz, Baie des Trépassés, Quimper. Single day's trip—about \$2.50.

\* 5th day—Quimper to Vannes, *via* Concarneau, Pont-Aven, Quimperlé, Lorient, Carnac, Sainte-Anne-d'Auray. Single day's trip—about \$4.50.

## What to See

### *Excursions from Morlaix (July 1 to September 30).*

- \* (1) Known as the *Circuit de Roscoff et des Calvaires*. Monday and Thursday. Carantec, Saint-Pol-de-Léon, Roscoff, Château of Kerjean, Landivisiau, Guimiliau, Saint-Thégonnec. Price—about \$2.
- \* (2) Known as the *Circuit de Huelgoat*. Tuesday and Friday. The forest and the town of Huelgoat, Saint-Herbot, Pleyben, Brasparts, etc. Price—about \$2.25.
- (3) Known as the *Circuit de Lannion*. Wednesday and Saturday. Lannion, Trébeurden, Trégastel, Perros-Guirec, etc. Price—about \$2.25.

### *Excursions from Brest (July 1 to September 30).*

- (1) Known as the *Circuit de Morgat*. Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Crozon, Plougastel, Le Faou, Morgat, Camaret, Pen-hir. Price—about \$2.
- (2) Known as the *Circuit de Conquet*. Tuesday and Friday. Le Conquet, the Menhir of Kerloas, Château of Tremazan, etc. Price—about \$2.25.

### *Excursions from Quimper (Spring service, June 1 to July 10; summer service, July 10 to September 15; fall service, September 15 to 30).*

- \* (1) *Spring and fall service*: Tuesday, Friday, Sunday.  
*Summer service*: Every day. Pont-Croix, Audierne, Pointe du Raz, Douarnenez, Locronan. Price—about \$2.
- (2) *Spring and fall service*: Wednesday and Saturday.  
*Summer service*: Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday. Locronan, Morgat, Camaret, Le Faou, Châteaulin. Price—about \$2.50.

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- \* (3) *Spring and fall service*: Thursday. *Summer service*: Thursday and Sunday. Trégourez, Châteauneuf-du-Faou, Saint-Herbot, Huelgoat, Brasparts, Pleyben. Price—about \$2.25.
- \* (4) *Spring and fall service*: Monday. *Summer service*: Tuesday and Friday. Coray, Chapelle-Saint-Fiacre, Le Faouët, Plouay, Quimperlé, Pont-Aven, Rosporden. Price—about \$2.50.
- \* (5) *Spring and fall service*: Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday. *Summer service*: Every day. Loctudy, Penmarch, Pont-l'Abbé. Price—about \$1.25.
- \* (6) *Spring and fall service*: Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. *Summer service*: Monday and Thursday. Benodet, Fouesnant, Concarneau. Price—about \$1.25.

### *Excursions from Vannes (July 15 to September 15).*

- \* (1) Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Auray, Locmariaquer, Carnac, Sainte-Anne-d'Auray. Price—about \$1.75.
- (2) Tuesday. Elven, Ploërmel, Josselin, Guehenno. Price—about \$1.75.

*A Trip to Brittany*: A 12-day itinerary, chiefly by rail, for a person anxious to see as much as possible of Brittany, on a very limited budget.

12 days, starting from Mont-Saint-Michel (9 hours—354 kilometers—from Paris) and returning to Paris. Total distance—about 1,040 kilometers.

1st day—Dol and Saint-Malo (s).

2nd day—Dinard and by boat up the Ranche to Dinan (s).

3rd day—Dinan, Saint-Brieuc (s).

4th day—Guingamp, Morlaix (s).

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- 5th day—Excursion (1) from Morlaix. To Saint-Pol-de-Léon, Roscoff, Saint-Thégonnec, etc., returning to Morlaix (s).  
6th day—Quimper (s).  
7th day—Excursion (1) from Quimper. To Audierne, Pointe du Raz, Douarnenez, etc., returning to Quimper (s).  
8th day—Quimper, Concarneau (s).  
9th day—Pont-Aven, Quimperlé (s).  
10th day—Carnac, Auray (s).  
11th day—Vannes, Rennes (s).  
12th day—Rennes, Vitré (s). Thence by train to Paris (5 hours).

Total railway fare, Mont-Saint-Michel to Paris: First class, \$18.50; second class, \$12.75; third class, \$8.25. Two bus excursions—about \$4.

Note: (s) indicates a place where a night is spent.

## *The Pardons of Brittany*

To go to Brittany and not to see a Pardon would be like going to Rheims and missing the cathedral. Any trip, no matter how short, through the Breton peninsula should be planned or altered so as to include at least one of these quaint religious festivals. For I know of no fête or ceremony in the civilized world more beautiful or more profoundly moving than such a thing as the August "Pardon of the Sea" at Sainte-Anne-de-la-Palue. It is as if all the rich color of Armorican legends, all the elemental faith, the exquisite simplicity of the Celtic soul had somehow found its apotheosis—there, on a summer afternoon, beside the sea. And if you are becoming, after two or three



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months abroad, just a bit of a cynic, if you are a little tired of pretense, of false values and sham, then, above all, you should see a Pardon. For the Pardons of Brittany are as fresh as the west wind and as unspoiled as the sea.

The Breton Pardons are without number—every town, every chapel, every parish has its own. But most of them are too small to be either impressive or interesting. The more important ones, with their dates, are given below—and I have thought it best to divide even these into three classes. Those in italics are the more famous ones; those starred are known as the “great” Pardons of Brittany.

Audierne (Finistère; near Quimper) ..	August, last Sunday
Benodet (Finistère; near Quimper) ..	August, 2nd Sunday; September, 1st Sunday
Brest (Finistère) .....	July, 2nd Sunday; August, 1st Sunday after the 15th
Camaret (Finistère; near Brest) ....	June, 2nd Sunday (Pardon); June, 3rd Sunday (Fête of the Sea)
Carantec (Finistère; near Morlaix) ..	August, Sunday after the 15th
<i>Carnac</i> (Morbihan; near Auray) ....	September, 2nd Sunday; September, 3rd Sunday
This Pardon, in honor of St. Cornély, patron saint of bulls, is preceded by a horse fair. The animals are taken into the church to be blessed.	
Chapelle-Saint-Carré (Côtes-du-Nord) .....	Whitsunday and Monday following



Collection Villard, Quimper

Brittany—The Rue Royale, Quimper, showing quaint houses that have stood since the Middle Ages.



## What to See

- Châteaulin (Finistère).....July, 2nd Sunday;  
September, 1st  
Sunday
- Châteauneuf-du-Faou* (Finistère;  
near Châteaulin) .....August, last Sunday  
Interesting particularly for the  
curious costumes that one sees  
and the unusual ceremony of "the  
Blessing of the Bells."
- Clédén-Poher (Finistère; near Car-  
haix) .....August 15
- Combrit (Finistère; near Quimper)..July, 2nd Sunday
- Concarneau (Finistère).....August (Fête of  
the beautiful "Fête of the *Filets*  
*Bleus* (blue fishing nets)" than  
here at Concarneau. (Pardon)  
September, Sun-  
day after the 14th
- Crenenan—*Chapel of*.....August, Sunday  
after the 15th
- Crozon (Finistère; near Châteaulin)..July, last Sunday
- Fouesnant (Finistère; near Quim-  
per) .....July 26, to follow-  
ing Sunday
- Gourin and Chapelle-Saint-Hervé* (Morbihan) .....September, last Sun-  
day and 3 days  
following  
Wrestling and Breton races.
- Guingamp* (Côtes-du-Nord) .....July, Saturday be-  
fore the last Sun-  
day  
Night fête with a torchlight  
procession, followed by dances  
with music of Breton bagpipes.
- Huelgoat (Finistère; near Morlaix)..August, 1st Sunday  
and 3 days fol-  
lowing
- Ile de Groix* (Morbihan; near  
Lorient) .....June 24 (Blessing  
of the Sea)
- Irvillac* (Finistère).....October, 3rd Sun-  
day

## Come With Me Through France

*Le Faouët* (Morbihan; near Lorient) . . . June, last Sunday  
 (Chapelle Saint-Barbe); July, 4th  
 Sunday (Chapelle Saint-Fiacre);  
 October, 1st Sunday (Pardon of  
 Le Faouët)

\* *Le Folgoët* (Finistère; near Landerneau) . . . . . August, 1st Sunday

The Pardon of Le Folgoët is one of the finest in Brittany, centering around the superb church of Notre Dame. Known above all for the variety and beauty of the peasants' costumes—the Breton national dress at its best.

Landerneau (Finistère) . . . . . July, 2nd and 3rd  
 Sundays

Landivisiau (Finistère; near Landerneau) . . . . . July, Sunday after  
 the 26th

*Locminé* (Morbihan; near Lorient) . . . June, Sunday nearest the 27th and  
 2 following days

\* *Locronan* (Finistère; near Quimper) . . . . . July, 2nd Sunday

Pardon of the *Petite Troménie* every year. Every seventh year (1930) the Pardon of the *Grande Troménie* which lasts eight days beginning the second Sunday in July, and is one of the most famous in Brittany.

*Montcontour* (Côtes-du-Nord) . . . . . Whitsunday, the day  
 Torchlight procession and dancing before, and the  
 to the tunes of the *Biniau*, or day after  
 Breton bagpipes.

## What to See

- \* *Paimpol* (Côtes-du-Nord; near Guingamp) ..... February (Pardon of the Icelanders); May 19 (Pardon of Saint-Yves)  
 Those who have read Pierre Loti's *Pêcheurs d'Islande* will want to see one of these Pardons if they can.
- Penmarch (Finistère; near Quimper) ..... July, 1st Sunday
- Perros-Guirec (Côtes-du-Nord; near Lannion) ..... August 15
- Pleyben* (Finistère; near Châteaulin) ..... August, 1st Sunday  
 Races on Monday and Tuesday following Pardon.
- Ploaré (Finistère; near Douarnez) ..... Trinity Sunday
- \* *Plougastel* (Finistère; near Landerneau) ..... Easter Monday;  
 The Pardon of Fire on October June 24 and 29;  
 3 is particularly interesting. July 4; September 5; October 3
- Ploujean (Finistère; near Morlaix) .. July, 1st Sunday
- Pont-Aven* (Finistère; near Concarneau) ..... September, 3rd Sunday
- Pont-l'Abbé* (Finistère; near Quimper) ..... July, 1st Sunday  
 A combination Pardon and after the 15th;  
 fair. Charming costumes. September, 4th Sunday
- Pontivy (Morbihan) ..... September, 1st Sunday after the 8th
- Quimper (Finistère) ..... August 15, 16, 17
- Quimperlé* (Finistère) ..... Whitsunday and  
 The Whit-Monday Pardon of Monday after;  
 the Birds is one of the loveliest July, last Sunday;  
 of Breton fêtes. September, 3rd Sunday



## Come With Me Through France

Roscoff (Finistère; near Morlaix)... July, 3rd Monday;  
August 15

\* *Rumegnot* (Finistère; near Châteaulin) ..... March 25; Trinity  
These are the notable Pardons Sunday; August  
of the Minstrels (that of Trinity 15; September 8  
Sunday is the most important)  
where the Breton bards sing  
songs dealing with the history  
and religion of the race.

\* *Sainte-Anne-d'Auray* (Morbihan;  
near Auray) ..... March 7; May 23;  
The great Pardon of Sainte- July 25 and 26  
Anne-d'Auray in May is usually  
considered the most important in  
Brittany and thousands of pil-  
grims come to bathe their eyes in  
the fountain of Sainte Anne, the  
waters of which are supposed to  
cure blindness.

\* *Sainte-Anne-de-la-Palme* (Finistère;  
near Douarnenez) ..... August, last Sunday  
This, the famous Pardon of and preceding Sat-  
the Sea, ranks with Sainte-Anne- urday  
d'Auray as the greatest of the  
Breton Pardons.

*Saint-Brieuc* (Côtes-du-Nord) ..... May 31

*Saint-Eloi* (Finistère; near Lander-  
neau) ..... June 24  
Pardon of Horses.

*Saint-Eloi* (Côtes-du-Nord; near  
Corlay) ..... June 24  
Pardon of Horses.

*Saint-Eloi* (Finistère; near Sizun)... Whitsunday and  
Pardon of Horses. Thursday after

*Saint-Herbot* (Finistère; near Car-  
haix) ..... Trinity Sunday and  
Curious Pardon of Cattle. Friday preceding

## What to See

- \* *Saint-Jean-du-Doigt* (Finistère; near Morlaix) ..... June 23 and 24  
 The Pardon of Fire. Seemingly a relic of some strange prehistoric worship of the sun, the Pardon of Saint-Jean-du-Doigt must be listed among the great Pardons of Brittany.
- Saint-Laurent-du-Pouldour* (Côtes-du-Nord; near Morlaix) ..... August, 2nd Sunday
- Saint-Nicodème* (Morbihan; near Pontivy) ..... August, 1st Saturday and Sunday
- Saint-Pol-de-Léon* (Finistère; near Morlaix) ..... September, 2nd Sunday
- Saint-Thégonnec* (Finistère; near Morlaix) ..... September, 2nd Sunday
- Spezet* (Finistère; near Carhaix) .... July, 1st Sunday; September, 2nd Sunday
- Tréboul* (Finistère; near Douarnez) ..... June 24
- Tréguier* (Côtes-du-Nord; near Guingamp) ..... May 19

## *Books*

There are many books on Brittany—little, gay, reminiscent ones that tell how a certain green spring came to Concarneau; long, dull, ponderous ones that describe, scientifically, the menhirs and dolmens of Carnac. The first of these make pleasant enough reading on a winter evening at home, the second look well on the shelves of a college library—but as for helping you to understand that fine, rare spirit which

## Come With Me Through France

is Brittany, they are of no value whatsoever. Many books have been written about Brittany and her people, many books but, so far as I know, only one masterpiece. That one is written by a Breton and translated from the French—it is called *The Land of Pardons* and its author is Anatole le Braz—I can recommend it to you without reservation. If, after that, you are still hungry, read Pierre Loti's *Pêcheurs d'Islande*.

Brittany is not, like Normandy, one of those parts of France where a guide-book is essential; but if you will have one, get Muirhead's *Western France*. It is the best of a bad lot.

### THE CHÂTEAU COUNTRY

Versailles might be called a monument to the greatness and the glory of France. She is regal, even when she is rococo; in her marble ugliness she is still magnificent—the expression of an all-conquering country sure of itself and its civilization. Mansard felt no need of protecting the Trianon with machicolated towers—who would dare to attack the *Roi Soleil* in the days of his splendor?

Very different is the France of the Loire Valley. Like the Loire itself, she is timid and uncertain. When they called Charles VII “the little king of Bourges,” it was something more than a mere epithet. And the six royal châteaux scattered through Touraine and the country thereabouts are, most of them, well walled and easy to defend. France still remembered Poitiers; France had not forgotten the Black Prince. And if Versailles is a monument to the greatness of the King-

## What to See

dom of France, surely it is the Loire Valley, from Orleans to Angers, that tells the story of her struggle and her rise.

Touraine is a country of an infinite number of châteaux. Grim, battlemented dungeons glower down at you from every green hilltop; chiseled bits of Renaissance perfection peep out at you from along the wooded banks of gracious, slow-moving little rivers. Somehow (and we shall never cease to be thankful for it) the Revolution, which took such a heavy toll among the châteaux and feudal castles of France, spared these jewels of the Loire. Chinon, where Jeanne d'Arc came to find her sluggard king, has fared badly, it is true, but Amboise has scarcely changed since the days of Leonardo da Vinci.

Perhaps there is no part of France so rich in memories; surely there is none where you can see so much in a short time. The Château Country—and I use that term loosely to include Touraine and the adjoining provinces—is, despite its name, not merely a country of châteaux; its towns have more than their share of picturesqueness and of beauty.

First, on the way south from Paris, comes Orleans, city of Jeanne d'Arc. You will remember how "the Maid" rode up from Chinon, how she crushed the besieging English and delivered the city. Orleans, to-day, has not forgotten. There are statues of *La Pucelle* on almost every street-corner and pictures of her in the little *Musée Jeanne d'Arc*. But Orleans, as a city, has been too much warred about, too often besieged and too often taken, too often burned and ravaged, to be interesting.

## Come With Me Through France

And now, if we could float down the Loire—past low green islands, over riffled shallows, past long smooth yellow shoals! We would see Beaugency, with its old *hôtel de ville* and its picturesque houses; we would moor, for an afternoon, at Blois; we would salute Amboise in passing and finally we would come to Tours. For all her modernization, despite the American troops who came there during the war, and the American tourists who have come there since, Tours has retained a very great deal of her ancient charm. Of course there is the cathedral—and St. Gatien of Tours is a very fine one—but I should spend most of my time, if I were you, loitering along those delightful, shady quays that fringe the Loire, and exploring the quaint, crooked little streets that wander so aimlessly around the Grand Marché.

But let us forget the châteaux for the moment and, floating on down the river, visit Saumur, for her castle, and Angers. Angers, I think, is the most interesting city of the Loire, with a magnificent feudal fortress, a cathedral which, though it is not as perfect as that of Tours, is well worth seeing, and two museums. All too many people miss Angers, and all too many people who go there miss, in the little Museum of Religious Art, the tapestries of the Apocalypse—they are almost without equals in France.

And now the châteaux.

Let us begin, fittingly, with Amboise. It is royal. Charles VIII was born there and the immortal Leonardo lived there during his last years. Amboise sits high above the little town at its feet, towers over the Loire like a great iron watch-dog, cruel, pitiless,

## What to See

impregnable. Its chapel of St. Hubert is a small Gothic jewel, but somehow one can never forget the blood of Amboise—the memory of its sixteenth-century massacre lies over it still.

Up the river toward Blois lies Chaumont. It, too, is formidable, but graceful as well, and richly furnished. And though the Kings of France never lived at Chaumont, yet, since the days when Catherine de' Medici was châtelaine, many famous people have slept in the rooms of Chaumont—Diane de Poitiers, Benjamin Franklin, Madame de Staël—and Jacques Le Ray, its ancient owner, fought under Lafayette in the Revolution.

The Kings of France must have been haunted by ghosts. After the massacre of 1560 they deserted Amboise. And after Henri III had the Duc de Guise murdered in such a treacherous and cowardly fashion, they deserted Blois. Rising high above its picturesque town, built of red and black brick, with its wonderfully carved façade and its famous staircase, Blois is the last word in Renaissance architecture.

Not far away is Chambord. Viollet-le-Duc called it a "colossal caprice" and, as a matter of fact, you could call it little else. As you see it first up its woodland avenue, with its towers and domes and chimneys and dormers, it looks rather like a small city than like the residence of a king. But Louis XIV held brilliant fêtes here—Chambord saw the first performance of Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. And the exiled King of Poland lived here for eight years.

Somewhat south of the Loire, along the valleys of the Cher and Indre, lie Chenonceaux and Loches.



## Come With Me Through France

Chenonceaux, a small Renaissance jewel astride the Cher, has perhaps the most stainless history of any of the châteaux of Touraine; Loches, undoubtedly, has the most terrible. There are probably no prisons extant in the world more horrible than these *cachots* of Loches. There was perhaps no medieval fortress of France more impregnable. And Loches, to-day, with her dungeon and her *Logis du Roi*, with her old houses and her old gateways, is undoubtedly the most picturesque small town in all Touraine.

West of Tours there are (and I am speaking now only of the most important) three more châteaux—Langeais, Azay-le-Rideau, and ruined Chinon. The new Langeais lies upon the Loire—you can still see the ruined dungeon of Black Fulk nearby, it antedated the “new” château by almost five centuries—and the “new” château itself is almost five hundred years old. Though one of the best examples of the military architecture of the Middle Ages, Langeais is remarkable chiefly for its interior—its wonderful furniture, its superb tapestries, its fine wrought-iron.

Azay-le-Rideau is another Chenonceaux—unfortified, inviting in every line, beautifully situated, stainless in its past. But Chinon is really no more than a glorious ruin with a glorious history.

And now that we have come so gayly down the Loire to Angers, let us look back over our shoulders at what we have missed. How many there are! Thouars and Montreuil-Bellay, le Lude and Lavardin and Villandry and Luynes; Cheverny, Ussé, Montrésor, Saint-Aignan, and how many others! We see them beckoning to us—their crenelated walls are smiling at us and their

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portcullises are up. Shall we go back? How we would like to! But it would take us a month, and the summer days are flying.

### SEEING THE CHÂTEAU COUNTRY

#### *By Auto Bus*

Before the war, any one who wished to see the Château Country and see it thoroughly had something of a problem on his hands. He needed a knapsack, and a bicycle, a folding bathtub, and two summer months. To-day things have changed. The rising tide of American tourists has brought, to the Loire Valley, prosperity and auto busses. And now, during the season, the Orleans Company will volunteer to show you sixteen of the most important châteaux of Blésois and Touraine in just three days. For the person in a hurry, this is a great advantage. But the person with a few extra days on his hands, anxious to get more than a passing glimpse of these superb buildings, will resent the speed. To see, in a single day, tall Villandry, exquisite little Azay-le-Rideau, lordly Chinon, turreted Ussé, the fine interior of Langeais, Luynes, and the square tower of Cinq-Mars! Like going through the Louvre in a morning! But unfortunately, unless you feel like riding a bicycle or can afford a private car, these hurrying busses offer about the only practical way to see the country. I give below the prices and itineraries of the more important of these services. Naturally, as far as the details are concerned, they are subject to change. The most interesting are marked with an asterisk.

## Come With Me Through France

### *Excursions from Blois.*

- (1) Every day from April 1 to October 20. Blois, Chambord, Cheverny, Blois. Price—about \$1.
- \* (2) Every day from April 1 to October 1. Blois, Chambord, Cheverny, Chaumont, Blois. Price—about \$1.25.

*Excursions from Tours.* (Spring service, April 1 to June 1; summer service, June 1 to October 1; fall service, October 1 to 20.)

- \* (1) *Spring and summer service:* Every day. *Fall service:* Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Loches, Chenonceaux, Amboise. Price—about \$1.75.
- \* (2) *Spring and summer service:* Every day except Monday and Friday. *Fall service:* Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Villandry, Azay-le-Rideau, Chinon, Ussé, Langeais, Cinq-Mars, Luynes. Price—about \$1.75.
- (3) *Spring service:* Sunday. *Summer service:* Every day. *Fall service:* Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Chenonceaux, Amboise. Price—about \$1.25.
- \* (4) *Spring service:* Sunday. *Summer service:* Every day except Monday and Wednesday. *Fall service:* Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Villandry, Azay-le-Rideau, Langeais, Cinq-Mars, Luynes. Price—about \$1.
- \* (5) *Summer service only:* Monday and Wednesday. Montrésor, Valençay, Saint-Aignan, Montrichard. Price—about \$2.50.
- (6) *Spring service:* Thursday. *Summer service:* Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Blois, Chambord, Cheverny, Chaumont. Price—about \$2.50.

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### *Excursion from Saumur.*

\* Thursday only from July 15 to October 1. Château de Brèze, La Motte-Chandeniers, Oiron, Thouars, Montreuil-Bellay. Price—about \$1.50.

*An Eight-Day Trip to the Château Country:* An itinerary for a person anxious to see as many of the great châteaux as possible in a short time.

8 days, starting from Paris and finishing at Chartres (88 kilometers,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours from Paris). Total distance—about 585 kilometers.

1st day—Orleans, Blois (s).

2nd day—Blois and, in the afternoon, Excursion (2), visiting Chambord, Cheverny, and Chaumont. Returning to Blois (s).

3rd day—Tours (s).

4th day—Excursion (1), visiting Loches, Chenonceaux, and Amboise. Returning to Tours (s).

5th day—Excursion (4), visiting Azay-le-Rideau, Langeais, Luynes, etc. Returning to Tours (s).

6th day—By rail to Ussé, Chinon (s).

7th day—Saumur, Angers (s).

8th day—Le Mans, Chartres (s).

Note: (s) indicates a place where a night is spent.

Total railway fare, Paris to Chartres: First class, \$12.40; second class, \$8.30; third class, \$5.50. Three bus excursions, \$4.

### *A Bicycle Itinerary*

There is no part of France where a person can ride a bicycle to better advantage than in the Château

## What to See

Country. The points of interest are close together and, for the most part, inaccessible by rail, the small-town hotels are good, the country undulating but not hilly, the roads excellent. I am giving below a specimen itinerary for a trip through this region, starting from Orleans, covering some 645 kilometers, touching all the more important châteaux, and returning to Orleans (so that if a bicycle were rented it could be returned to its owner). This itinerary could be followed comfortably, by bicycle, in between fourteen and sixteen days; by auto, in either six or seven.

- (1) Orleans to Blois, *via* Cléry, Beaugency, Chambord, Cheverny, Beauregard. 83 kilometers; (by wheel) about 2 days.
- (2) Blois to Valençay, *via* Chaumont, Amboise, Chenonceaux, Saint-Aignan. 105 kilometers; about 3 days.
- (3) Valençay to Tours, *via* Montrésor, Loches, Azay-le-Indre, Montbazou. 96 kilometers; 2 or 3 days.
- (4) Tours to Angers, *via* Luynes, Cinq-Mars, Langeais, Villandry, Azay-le-Rideau, Ussé, Chinon, Candes, Fontevault, Saumur. 136 kilometers; 3 to 5 days.
- (5) Angers to Vendôme, *via* la Flèche, le Lude, Château-du-Loir, Lavardin. 153 kilometers; 3 or 4 days.
- (6) Vendôme to Orleans. 71 kilometers; 1 or 2 days.

## Books

The Château Country is one of those parts of France for which a little history is essential. Before attempting any serious invasion of the region I should read, if I were you, at least one book on the subject. I should try to learn something about the dark past of each one



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of these royal residences—to learn to name the ghosts that slink about the terrible prisons of Loches, to fix, in my mind, the massacre of bloody Amboise, the treachery of Blois, the kingly gayety at Chambord, the black cruelty of the master of Langeais. There are a great many books that do this for you, many of them supremely well, but the best of them, so far as I know, is *A Summer in Touraine*, by Frederic Lees, a pre-war publication which is sometimes rather difficult to obtain. If you are unable to lay your hands on this, you might try *Castles and Châteaux of Old Touraine*, by Francis Miltoun.

### PICARDY, CHAMPAGNE, AND THE NORTHERN BATTLEFIELDS

What of the North? The old battle-scarred North that will never be the same. Who now would travel long miles to see Arras, Arras the ancient pride of Picardy, the one rival of Brussels, Arras with her Grande Place and her Petite Place which are no longer?

Those who go to the North to-day are of two kinds—the many who go to see what the war has ruined and the few who go to see what the war has spared. And then there are those who simply go, for a summer by the sea, to Le Tréport or Paris-Plage, or Berck.

To me, battlefields are things infinitely depressing. I remember a little weed-grown German cemetery at Dinant on the Meuse—only one grave was tended; and that bore a small enamel plaque with the legend, “In



Fontainebleau—The Palace looking across the lake.



## What to See

loving memory of our only son, Fredrich, dead at 19 years of age, Dinant 1914." To me at least, there is a tragedy about this sort of thing that no amount of glory can erase and no amount of heroism can obscure. Call me sentimental if you like, but I get no pleasure out of a mass of grass-covered ruins that was once a village; I should rather show you the carved Christ of Amiens, and Abbeville, dear to Ruskin, than to take you along the terrible Chemin des Dames and let you see the desolation of Bapaume. Even the rich brown earth in these places, the fertile, friendly earth which had given so many times to mankind her tithe of grain and wine, has been pounded and pulverized, crushed into sterility by the ingratitude of her children. As for myself, I avoid carefully these man-made deserts—they have none of the beauty that nature gives even to the barren stretches of the world. And so, if you want to see the battlefields, I will tell you where to start from and what roads to follow, but don't expect me to go with you, for I have gone once and shall never go again.

But Picardy the beautiful—ah, there is another matter. Let us begin with Beauvais—which is really in the Ile de France and not in Picardy—Beauvais of the great cathedral and the great clock; that cathedral of which only the choir and transepts stand and which, had it been finished, had its mighty vault not crumbled and its tower not fallen, would have been the greatest and the highest of Gothic churches; that marvelous clock which you must see at noon when its ninety thousand movable parts coördinate to produce a panto-

## Come With Me Through France

mime of the Last Judgment—that amazing clock which tells the tides and all the positions of the stars. And let us go on to Amiens.

The war, which mutilated Rheims so sadly, left Amiens almost unscathed; and Notre Dame of Amiens to-day is probably the most perfect as well as the largest of French cathedrals. You should not miss the choir-stalls, nor the stone Christ beside the main portal. And, on the way to picturesque Boulogne, you should stop, for an hour or two, at Abbeville. Don't, I beg of you, judge Boulogne (or Boulogne-sur-Mer, as the inhabitants prefer) by the lower town which is like most transatlantic ports—squalid and not overinteresting. But climb instead to the *haute ville*, with its ramparts and its old gateways—and then decide.

There are a great many interesting buildings tucked away in this little northern corner of France—the church of Eu, near Le Tréport; Saint-Riquier near Abbeville; the belfry of Bergues, on the way to Dunkirk; the church of Saint-Omer, near Calais. And another thing that you should not miss seeing is the museum of Lille. I will not go into details with regard to this collection except to say that it is the best one in France outside of Paris, with an amazingly complete group of Flemish and Dutch paintings and a number of superb drawings by the greatest of the Italian masters.

Arras, though broken and maimed, is still worth seeing; the cathedral of Laon still stands; but of the fourteen thousand houses that were Saint-Quentin before the war, not one went through the four years unmarked. Soissons fared scarcely better; but the

## What to See

Château of Compiègne, with all its magnificent tapestries, and the Château of Pierrefonds, turreted like a little Carcassonne, stand to-day just as they stood in 1914.

And on to Rheims. Rheims, the desecrated, the beautiful one. Rheims the paradox—weeping over her cathedral, laughing out of her champagne bottles; Rheims, the gayest and the sorriest of towns. No doubt a decade hence they will have pieced together the glorious shell that is Notre Dame of Rheims; but the cathedral will be a shell always, a body from which the noble and magnificent soul fled away one September afternoon more than a dozen years ago. I should come to see the body, nevertheless, if I were you, and throw the flower of my appreciation on the ashes that are Rheims.

Finally, before we go back again to Paris or on to Alsace, let us mention Châlons-sur-Marne and her fine cathedral, Troyes and her many beautiful churches, and the picturesque walled city of Provins. The last two of these were far behind the line of fighting—peaceful, quiet little towns that knew the war only by casualty lists and the sound of guns; peaceful, quiet little towns, tranquil in their loveliness and untouched. Where better to end a trip through the scarred and devastated country of the North?

### SEEING PICARDY AND CHAMPAGNE

Mr. Cook and his colleagues will show you the Battlefields and be horribly, almost gruesomely efficient about it, like a conference of undertakers. Or you



## Come With Me Through France

can go to Arras or Soissons or Rheims and get a war-veteran guide who will show you the Battlefields and be horribly maudlin about it, with pitiful stories that would draw tears from a stone and money from a Scotchman. Somehow, I object to all this commercialism. When the time comes for me to see a battlefield I prefer to see it alone or with a few well-chosen friends; I prefer to wander where I like and leave when I am ready.

If you are out, seriously, to see the Battlefields, and if you feel as I do about sightseeing busses and professional sentimentalists, I should advise you to get, first of all, the little Conty guide-book of the War Zone and carry that with you wherever you go. If you just want a good glimpse, without spending too much money, I should suggest one or more of the following itineraries:

(1) From Albert, near Arras, either by bicycle or afoot, the eighteen kilometers to Bapaume, returning by rail. From Albert to Péronne, forty-three kilometers by the narrow-gauge railway.

This sector, where the British and French lines joined, was the scene, during 1916-17, of some of the most terrible fighting of the war. During one single offensive over 180,000 Germans were killed in battle.

(2) From Arras, an excursion to the north of some twenty or thirty kilometers through Carency, Souchez, La Targette, and Vimy. By bicycle or car.

Particularly interesting on account of extensive underground fortifications.

(3) From Saint-Quentin to Cuadry, fifty-seven kilometers by narrow-gauge railway along the Hindenburg Line, through Lesdins, Nauroy, scene of an American victory in September, 1918, Bellicourt and the tunnel of Riqueval, Le

## What to See



PICARDY, CHAMPAGNE

## Come With Me Through France

Catelet and Ligny-en-Cambresis. From Saint-Quentin to Ham, twenty-seven kilometers by narrow-gauge railway, past the Epine de Dallon, through Savy and Roupy-Vaux.

The Hindenburg Line was probably the most complete system of fortifications that ever existed; it was never definitely pierced before October, 1918. It was along this front, too, that Von Hutier tried for the first time that terrible system of attack which only Foch was able definitely to master.

(4) From Rheims by auto (for information see the *Syndicat d'Initiative* on the Square Colbert) to the Farm of Alger, Fort de la Pompelle, etc. By rail to Beine, thence afoot to the German positions at Berru and Cernay-les-Rheims.

By rail to Roucy, thence afoot, two miles, to Pontavert and by rail to Soissons. Following the front of the Aisne.

By bus or auto from Rheims to Soissons *via* Craonne and the Chemin des Dames.

By auto or bicycle to Suippes and the Monts de Champagne.

(5) From Château-Thierry to Belleau, fifteen kilometers by narrow-gauge railway.

Scene of the first major victory gained by American troops.

Here is a fourteen-day itinerary covering 1,135 kilometers for a person, not content with Battlefields, who wants to see as much of Picardy and Champagne as possible, in a short time.

1st day—Beauvais, Le Tréport (s).

2nd day—Abbeville, Paris-Plage (s).

3rd day—Boulogne-sur-Mer, Calais (s).

4th day—Saint-Omer, Lille (s).

5th day—Douai, Arras (s).

6th day—Excursion through the battlefields, returning to Arras (s).

7th day—Albert, Peronne, Amiens (s).

## What to See

- 8th day—Amiens, *via* Creil to Compiègne (s).  
9th day—Pierrefonds, Soissons (s).  
10th day—*Via* the Chemin des Dames (bus) to Rheims (s).  
11th day—Rheims (s).  
12th day—Châlons-sur-Marne (s).  
13th day—Brienne-le-Château, Troyes (s).  
14th day—Provins, to Paris (s).

Note: (s) indicates a place where a night is spent.

Total railway fare, Paris to Paris, plus bus excursions:  
First class, \$22.75; second class, \$16.25; third class, \$11.50.

## ALSACE-LORRAINE AND THE SOUTHERN BATTLEFIELDS

Alsace and Lorraine are the Siamese twins of Europe—the David and Jonathan of France. Alsace and Lorraine join hands across a hyphen—conversationally, they are inseparable. I should advise you, nevertheless, to pry them apart. They are sisters but, if you remember your Shakespeare, so were Goneril and Cordelia.

When the time came for Messrs. Bradstreet and Baedeker to divide the word into two kingdoms, Bradstreet took Lorraine and Baedeker took Alsace. Neither one of them has been altogether honest in the matter. Bradstreet came hurrying down the Rhine and built at Mulhouse a city of cotton mills; Baedeker made a brilliant sortie and, reaching Nancy, old capital of Lorraine, set his seal upon it and called it his own. But Lorraine to this day is a country of Bradstreet. And coal mines. And factory chimneys. You will want to see Nancy—her Place Stanislas is one of the most perfect eighteenth-century *ensembles* in Europe

## Come With Me Through France

—you might stop at Saint-Nicolas-du-Port for the church, and dash down to Domremy-la-Pucelle to see the pathetic little birthplace of Jeanne d'Arc. But when you have seen these—why, set your feet blithely upon the road to Alsace: Mr. Baedeker is a hospitable monarch.

Alsace is famous for her quaintness and her beer—not to mention *paté de foie gras*, and Strasbourg cathedral and the best sauerkraut you can get outside of Milwaukee. This may sound paradoxical, but Alsace is a province of contradictions. There are more paradoxes between the Vosges and the Rhine than there are storks, and there seems to be a stork on almost every ancient, high-gabled roof. Fifty years ago Alsace was German and every one spoke French; now she is French and every one speaks German. She is commercial and she is not commercial; she is industrial and she is picturesque. She has learned, in the hard school of the Rhineland, the lesson of efficiency—but she has not sold her birthright of quaintness and of beauty.

The great glory of Alsace is the cathedral of Strasbourg. It is a full sister to Cologne, with a great Gothic façade and a magnificent spire. And when you have seen it—its sculpted chair and its fine glass and its astronomical clock, you will want to wander through the crooked streets of the old Strasbourg. You can spend a wonderful afternoon in that ancient quarter bound round by the wide-spreading arms of the Ill. You can spend *très riches heures* in the small towns that lie around Strasbourg—in picturesque little Erstein, in Geispolsheim and Meistratzheim, where you



Alsace-Lorraine—A street in Strassburg, the most important city in the restored provinces.





## What to See

still see the traditional costumes of the Alsatian women; in Obernai and Rosheim and Molsheim and Barr—lovely little places, every one of them, untouched in their antiquity and preserving still, in their streets and houses, the flavor of the past.

Not far from Sélestat, rising high on a rocky promontory above the plain, like the eyrie of some robber baron, is the superb castle of Hoh-Koenigsbourg. And on beyond, near Colmar, comes a whole covey of quaint little towns—Ribeauvillé, Riquewihr, Kayserberg and Turckheim—see as many of them as you can. Colmar itself, with its storks and its sagging, turreted houses, is worth an afternoon; but the cotton-mills of Mulhouse are about as attractive as most cotton-mills; and Bartholdi's *Lion* at Belfort is not in the class with Hagenbeck's at Hamburg.

And I can't, I'm sorry to say, wax particularly enthusiastic over the Vosges—they are verdantly beautiful, like all rather gentle, wooded mountains, but their towns are dull. Not even its exquisite lake can make Gérardmer anything but boring, and good drinking-water is the most notable asset of Vittel. And while you might spend a pleasant enough week afoot on the roads between Belfort and Epinal and Strasbourg, yet going through this country by rail—despite such places as Luxeuil and Thann and Saint-Dié, which are interesting—calls for hard work and small pay.

The Battlefields of the South are perhaps even more famous than those of the North. Verdun, Vaux, Saint-Mihiel, the Argonne, the *Voie Sacrée* that ran up from Bar-le-Duc—these are names that will not soon be

## Come With Me Through France

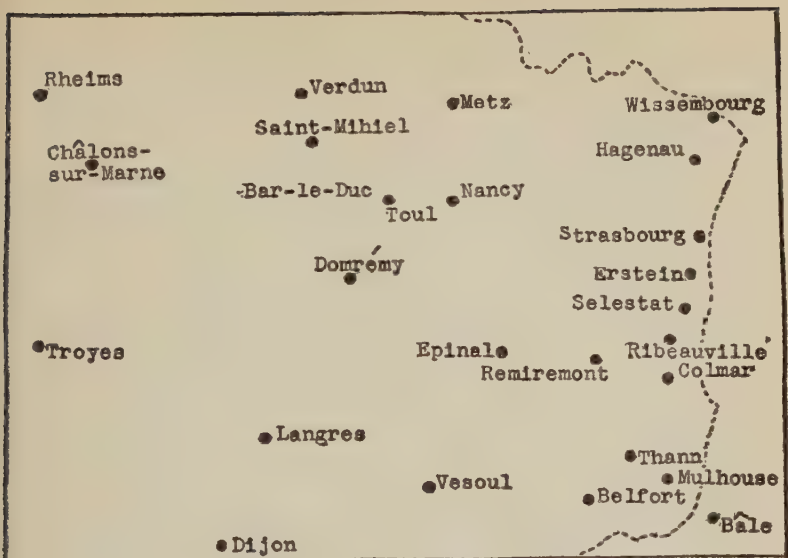
forgotten. A dozen specialists are waiting in Verdun to show them to you—they will take you through the ghastly Trench of the Bayonets, they will show you Douaumont and escort you over Dead Man's Hill. Theirs isn't a particularly pleasant job—to be garrulous in the face of tragedy and walk constantly among ruins. I am far from jealous of them. So let us wander along the crooked streets of Strasbourg; let us stand on the walls of Hoh-Koenigsbourg and look out far over the Rhine and the valley and the hills; and let us leave the scars of Verdun for the years to heal.

### SEEING ALSACE-LORRAINE

In few parts of France are the villages as interesting as they are in Alsace; in no part of France are they so important. Aside from Strasbourg and Colmar, the charm of Alsace is the charm of her small towns.

The problem, then, is to see as many villages as possible, and villages, as a whole, are hard things to see. They are ignored by express trains, for every express train is a born snob. They are frowned on by guide-books, for every guide-book is a sort of social climber, interested only in famous people and famous places. If you had your own car, seeing the villages of Alsace would be comparatively easy. But most Americans in Europe for the summer are not blessed with a car. And Alsace is a bit hilly for the cyclist. So, whether you like it or no, the larger part of your traveling in Alsace must be done by rail—by the *omnibus*, the slow trains that stop at every barn and cover twenty-five kilometers in an hour's time. From Stras-

## What to See



ALSACE-LORRAINE

## Come With Me Through France

bourg to Mulhouse (if you don't mind spending some eight dollars in three days for transportation) you can go by bus, and there are other excursions from Strasbourg as well, but for most of your short trips, and many of your long, you are dependent on the *Chemins de Fer d'Alsace et de Lorraine*. The most remarkable feature of rail travel in Alsace-Lorraine is the presence, on most trains, of a fourth class. No matter how cheaply you are traveling, I advise you to leave these fourth-class carriages strictly alone—they *are* uncomfortable and the difference in price between third and fourth is negligible.

As to the busses—I really can't recommend to you any of the services of the *Chemins de Fer de l'Est* (the excursions from Vittel and Gérardmer and Belfort) except possibly the one-day trip from Vittel to Colmar, which costs about six dollars and is scarcely worth it. But I can and do recommend to you the following:

The *Route des Vosges*. Strasbourg-Mulhouse in three days, about \$7.75. During July and August.

1st day—Strasbourg-Sélestat, *via* Sainte-Odilé, Hohwald, and Ville. About \$2.50.

\* 2nd day—Sélestat-Colmar, *via* Hoh-Koenigsbourg, Ribeauvillé, Lac Noir, and Kayserberg. About \$2.50.

3rd day—Colmar-Mulhouse, *via* Turckheim and Thann. About \$2.75.

Leaving Strasbourg on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.  
Leaving Mulhouse on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday.  
There is an additional service between Sélestat and Colmar so that a bus leaves Sélestat for Colmar every

## What to See

day except Monday, and Colmar for Sélestat every day except Wednesday.

*Two Excursions from Strasbourg.* During July and August.

- \* (1) Obernai, Barr, Hohwald, Sainte-Odilé, Ottrott, Rosheim. Price—about \$1.75. Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday.
- (2) Wasselonne, Saverne, Haut-Barr, Dabo. Price—about \$2. Saturday only.

The services marked with an asterisk are particularly worthwhile.

Here are two short and fairly inexpensive excursions through the battlefields around Verdun.

- (1) From Verdun to Saint-Mihiel by rail (38 kilometers). Thence by rail to Commercy (23 kilometers) and, after spending a night at the little inn, by the narrow-gauge to Verdun, *via* Apremont, Heudicourt, Combres, etc.—scene of most of the American fighting in the Argonne (82 kilometers).
- (2) By narrow-gauge from Verdun to Vaux-devant-Damloup (16 kilometers). Thence afoot to the fort of Vaux, to the fort of Douaumont, and to Flery-devant-Douaumont. Returning to Verdun by the narrow-gauge (11 kilometers).

*A Nine-Day Itinerary*, beginning at Rheims (156 kilometers from Paris) and ending at Paris, covering some 1,100 kilometers, for a person who wants to see Alsace, Lorraine, and the Southern Battlefields as quickly and inexpensively as possible.

- 1st day—To Verdun (s) and Battlefield Excursion (2).
- 2nd day—Nancy (s).
- 3rd day—Saint-Nicolas-du-Port and Strasbourg (s).
- 4th day—Rail excursion to Geispolsheim and Erstein, returning to Strasbourg (s).



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- 5th day—Molsheim, Obernai, Barr, Sélestat (s).  
6th day—By a bus of the *Route des Vosges* to Colmar (s).  
7th day—Colmar (s) with excursion to Turckheim.  
8th day—Mulhouse, Altkirch, Belfort (s).  
9th day—To Paris (s) *via* Troyes.

Note: (s) indicates a place where a night is spent.

Total rail fare, Rheims to Paris, plus bus trip from Sélestat to Colmar: First class, \$22.80; second class, \$16.15; third class, \$11.40.

### BURGUNDY AND BERRY

Burgundy and Berry are like prophets in their own country. They are without honor. And yet I am sure that there are few provinces in all France that deserve more, in the way of honor and appreciation, than these two. Connected with Paris by the best and fastest train services in France, both are remarkably accessible—and unlike most accessible places, they are worth seeing once you get there. But both of these provinces have the misfortune to be on the way to some place else. The tourist fixes his eye on the effulgent star of Biarritz, and never thinks of Berry, though he passes within twenty miles of Bourges; the south-bound traveler, when he reaches Burgundy, is already dreaming of Provence. Even the dark rich wine of Burgundy, they tell me, is no longer called “the king of wines and the wine of kings.” It has become “fashionable” to drink Bordeaux—and all the great vintages of the Golden Side—Clos Vougeot, Chambertin, Romanée Conti—have gone the way of the hoop-skirt. *O tempora, o mores!* Let the fashion arbiter have his toques and

## What to See

turbans, but when it comes to wine let him keep his mouth shut, for he treads on holy ground.

The province of Berry, for the traveler, is the city of Bourges. I shall not say that the rest of Berry is uninteresting—to do so would be to call you gullible and myself a fool. But the treasures of Bourges make even the rich seem poor. Had she nothing more than her cathedral, glorious St. Etienne, of the blue medallion glass—as fine as any in the world—and the flying buttresses, Bourges would be a city infinitely worth while. For St. Etienne (and I say it after due deliberation) outdoes Notre Dame of Paris, and even peerless Chartres must look to her laurels. And if there is a town house in all Europe more rare, more beautiful and more perfect than the home of Jacques Cœur at Bourges, I only wish some one would send me the address. You should read the history of this Jacques Cœur—the man behind Charles VII and the man behind Jeanne d'Arc, the merchant prince who had for his motto, "To a valiant heart, nothing impossible," and of whom they sang

"Jacques Cœur does what he wants to—  
The king what he can."

You will want to see his house here at Bourges—just as you will want to see the other beautiful houses of the city—the *Hôtel Cujas* and the *Hôtel Lallemant* and the ancient *hôtel de ville*. You will want to see Bourges and know her; for I, having seen her well and known her intimately, should rank her with Rouen as the most interesting town in France.

Burgundy is such a superior sort of place and the

## Come With Me Through France

Burgundians such superior sort of people that one hesitates to comment much on either the one or the other. The true Burgundian takes life seriously; food, wine and architecture are three things that he cannot joke about; the true Burgundian would weep over an *escargot* and commit suicide over a fish. And, if you ever want to shuffle off this mortal coil, I can suggest no better way than to go into a Dijon restaurant, order a bottle of Clos Vougeot 1890 and, when you taste it, make a wry face and say "*le gout du cuit.*" If the waiter doesn't get you, the *patron* will; and a crime of this sort, in Burgundy, is considered justifiable homicide.

The Burgundian food is good, but the architecture is better. Nowhere, outside of Normandy, will you find such a superb collection of buildings in a single province. From Sens on the north to Bourg on the south, from Cluny to Dijon, Burgundy is sown with rare churches and beautiful houses. And were you to take a village to village canvass of Burgundian architecture, I am not sure that even Normandy could show a higher average.

Now, having generalized about "the splendid duchy," let us consider her piecemeal. Not systematically, as do the guide-books—there is time for that, later—but by dipping our fingers blindly into the casket of rare jewels which is Burgundy. And so, since everything must have a head and a tail, let us begin with Dijon. Let us speak, first of all, of the magnificent sculpture of Dijon—of those masterful groups by Claus Sluter, greatest among the medieval sculptors of the North—of his tomb of Philip in the Rude Museum, and his

## What to See

"Well of Moses" in the old Chartreuse of Champmol. Even the Louvre could scarcely match these things; even the Louvre would be proud to have more than one painting from this museum of Dijon. The city itself is a place of old houses—splendid rich houses of the rich bourgeois of Burgundy. I shall not speak of Dijon's two great churches except to say that they are beautiful; of her park, except to say that it was designed by Lenôtre; of her public buildings except to say that they are all worth seeing.

Twenty miles southward, at Beaune, famous for her wine, is one of the most picturesque buildings in France—the old wooden Hospice, built before America was discovered, with its exquisite courtyard and its exquisite rooms. And farther to the south lie the ruins of magnificent Cluny. Cluny, the mind of the Dark Ages, which saw three popes spring up from her abbey and possessed, in the twelfth century, the largest Christian church in the world.

Over to the southwest, where the hills of the Jura come down to the plain of Bresse, are the city of Bourg and the church of Brou. It is strange that this church of Brou should attract so few artistic pilgrims. The city of Bourg (and the church of Brou is only a few minutes' walk away) is on the main line from Paris to Geneva; and, if we except the great Gothic cathedrals of the North, it is doubtful if all France can show another church so rich and so exquisite. The rood-screen looks as though it had been built out of petrified Chantilly lace—the sculpture is beautiful and the glass superb.

And now, going back north again. We still have

## Come With Me Through France

Autun, with her Roman gateways and her fine cathedral, picturesque Semur-en-Auxois, quaint little Montréal, and lovely Avallon. Not far from Avallon, restored by Viollet-le-Duc (to whom we, who love the beautiful things of France, owe so very much) is the great abbey-church of Vézelay with its magnificent carvings and one of the most remarkable church porches that I have ever seen. And when you go to Vézelay, for that is one of the side-excursions that you really must not miss, be sure to stop, a mile from the main town, at the tiny village of Saint-Père-sous-Vézelay, and see if you agree with me when I say that its little church is the prettiest thing of its kind in Europe.

Two words more. And let these two words be Auxerre and Sens. Auxerre with its three fine churches, and Sens with the oldest of the great Gothic cathedrals of France. So back to Paris—but before you go, fill your glass once more with Chambertin—the fragrant purple-gold of Burgundian vineyards—and lift it high to the beauty of Berry and the greatness of Burgundy.

### SEEING BURGUNDY AND BERRY

Burgundy and Berry are so easy to get to and so easy to see that a long dissertation on ways and means is really unnecessary. I am giving below a ten-day itinerary, covering over a thousand kilometers, for these two provinces. And to take this trip you travel, at least three-quarters of the way, by main-line railways where the trains are frequent and fast; you make only one bus excursion and that not a particularly

## What to See

● Fontainebleau

● Troyes

● Sens

Chaumont ●

● Auxerre

Avallon

Vézelay ●

●

● Semur

● Dijon

● Bourges

● Autun

● Beaune

● Moulins

● Cluny

● Mâcon

Bourg ●

● Vichy

● Clermont

● Lyon

BURGUNDY AND BERRY



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long or expensive one; and in every town in which you stop you will find good hotels, and better food and wine than you would get in Paris for twice the money. Since traveling in this part of France is so easy by rail, it seems scarcely worth while to mention the few sightseeing bus services that do exist—the Circuit of the Morvan from Avallon, one or two others from Dijon, etc. I should advise you to leave them strictly alone.

If you don't feel you can spare ten consecutive days for Berry and Burgundy, spare what you can. If you are on the way to the Pyrenees, stop for a day at Bourges—you will never regret it; if you are south-bound through Burgundy, see Dijon and Beaune, at least. The following ten-day trip could be broken very neatly into two halves and a trip to Provence inserted. Go from Paris as far as Mâcon in five days, following the itinerary; come back *via* Bourg and Dijon in five more. Here, at any rate, is the itinerary. It enables you to see Bourges and most of Burgundy, with the rather interesting town of Nevers thrown in for good measure, fairly reasonably and fairly quickly.

Starting from Paris and returning to Paris. Total distance, by rail—about 1,100 kilometers.

1st day—Bourges (s).

2nd day—Bourges, Nevers (s).

3rd day—*Via* Etang to Autun (s).

4th day—*Via* Chagny to Beaune (s).

5th day—*Via* Chalon-sur-Saône to Cluny. Thence to Mâcon (s).

6th day—Bourg (s).

7th day—Dijon (s).

## What to See

- 8th day—*Via* Les Laumes-Alesia to Semur-en-Auxois and Avallon (s).  
9th day—Avallon, by bus to Vézelay. Thence by bus to Sermizelles and by rail to Auxerre (s).  
10th day—Auxerre, Sens to Paris (s).

Note: (s) indicates a place where a night is spent.

Total railway fare for the above itinerary, plus the bus excursion to Vézelay: First class, about \$20.25; second class, about \$14; third class, about \$9.25.

## FROM THE LOIRE TO THE PYRENEES

A great undulating plain that faces ever toward the Western sea and rolls away southward from the Loire into the hot white sunshine of the Midi country.

Rivers that come thrashing down out of the high hills of the Center and march slowly through the level lands of the West. Ancient towered ports and old high-backed bridges that stand with stiff legs, like overloaded donkeys. Bare and beautiful cities tucked away in unknown corners. I shall not soon forget them. I shall not soon forget how I followed a certain spring northward from Toulouse, turning this way and that in the warm tranquil weather, zigzagging three thousand miles across the capacious bosom of South-western France. Shall I not remember Albi, golden glorious Albi, strangest and rarest of cathedrals? Shall I forget the springtime loveliness of the Périgord, the quaintness of La Rochelle—shall I forget Entraygues and Rodez and Uzerche, tall Rocamadour and the battlemented ruins of Chauvigny?

And now that summer has come, let us start south

## Come With Me Through France

to Poitiers. Do you remember what Froissart tells of the battle of Poitiers—how the Black Prince, with eight thousand English soldiers, routed a French army more than seven times as large, capturing the king and all the flower of French chivalry? But let us forget the bloody past and speak of the Poitiers of to-day—of the four great churches and the wonderful hall in the *Palais de Justice*; let us speak of the superb church of St. Savin and of ruined Chauvigny not far away. Let us say, before we go on down to Niort, that Argenton-sur-Creuse is picturesque and that Parthenay is lovely.

I suggest that you come to Niort, not because Niort is interesting (though it is) but in order that you may make an excursion that probably not one American tourist in a hundred thousand ever heard of—the trip by boat into the marshes of the Sèvres. As far as Coulon you go by rail; there, at the little Hôtel Soullisse, you get a boat and a man to row it—and he takes you for a ride in a sort of bosky Venice. It is worth a day out of *anybody's* summer.

Farther to the west lies La Rochelle. Is there a city in the world, I wonder, more picturesque and more unspoiled than this old Huguenot seaport? Certainly there is not one in France. There are furled sails along the quay—yellow and red and gray and faded blue; the fishermen are there in their *bérets* and *sabots*; the old towers stand around the port as they stood there in the days of Richelieu. The morning fish-market of La Rochelle is a treat, the town hall is a joy; the old houses along the Rue des Merciers are as exquisite as they are quaint. Go to La Rochelle and

## What to See

you will not be disappointed; nor will you be disappointed if you go to Saintes. For, with her white houses and white sunshine, her Roman ruins and her fine churches, her shady squares and the gossamer Charente, her river, Saintes is a joy.

Past Cognac (where Cognac comes from) to Angoulême. Angoulême is worth a few hours—if only for the sake of its cathedral—strange St. Pierre of the beautiful façade. And Limoges, nearby, for all its amazing Street of the Butchers and its many churches, is worth scarcely more. Not with Uzerche, “city of châteaux,” just a few miles down the main line to Toulouse; not with the valley of the Dordogne before you. Perhaps the best way to see the Dordogne Valley (which is, I insist, as lovely a bit of countryside as you can find in France) is to go first of all to Périgueux, see curious St. Front—a paler, smaller version of St. Mark’s of Venice—and then take the railroad to Les Eyzies. Everything starts at Les Eyzies—bus excursions, walking trips, and the history of mankind. You will want to see the famous Cro-Magnon drawings in the caves of Les Eyzies and when you have seen these you will want to go, taking your time about it, to Sarlat. From Sarlat you can make a series of little side-trips—to the hill town of Domme, to the châteaux of the Périgord—Montford the magnificent, Beynac the superb; and, finally, you will want to go to Rocamadour.

But let us speak of Cahors, of the tower upon the bridge at Cahors and of the old houses. And let us speak of the unknown Aveyron—of Rodez and her cathedral tower, first cousin to the Giralda of Seville;

## Come With Me Through France

of Espalion and Estaing and Entraygues, villages which, for sheer picturesque crookedness, have few equals and no superiors in Europe; of Millau and the splendid gorges of the Tarn.

Everything that has gone before is pale by the side of Albi; and everything that comes afterward is a little dull. Could one, I wonder, ever forget this cathedral of Albi, with the white of its flamboyant porch like a pale flower against the dusky red of its brick walls; with the painted beauty of its wide vault, with its frescoes and magnificent rood-screen. This cathedral of Albi that is half a fortress! Imperious in its solemnity, rugged in its simplicity, superb in its strength, it stands against the sky, a barbaric and unforgettable outline, like the final, ultimate expression of a tempestuous and lonely soul.

I have said that everything that comes after Albi is a little dull, but I shall have to eat my words. Who could call Moissac dull? Moissac, with the exquisite portal of the Church St. Pierre and a cloister which is certainly among the finest of France. But Agen and Montauban, for all their rather excellent museums, are dull—unkempt, dull little towns of the Midi. And Bordeaux is scarcely better. I should see the cathedral of Bordeaux if I were you—its choir is one of the finest bits of Gothic in the South—and, if it happened to be September, I should follow the yellow Gironde up past Margaux and Lafitte and Latour, and watch them harvest the grapes of the most famous vintages of France. And when I had done these things I should sit down, as Ulysses did, over a bottle of wine—and I

## What to See

should say, as Ulysses did, "Much have I seen and known, cities and men."

### SEEING THE COUNTRY FROM THE LOIRE TO THE PYRENEES

#### *In General*

Had the gods sought an eighth labor for Hercules—one before which even the cleaner of the Ægean stables might well have quailed, they could scarcely have done better than to have asked him to see, in three weeks or so, just one-third of the interesting and beautiful places between the Loire and the Garonne. No man could do this, and no god, unless he had the feet of Mercury and the eyes of Argus.

Given eighteen days for Normandy, you can see most of what is worth seeing. But Normandy is flat and comparatively compact; the railroads as a whole are good, and the travel trails well blazed by the thousands who have gone before. None of these things are true of this great central section of France. To begin with, in actual area, it is a good two and a half times as large as Normandy; the country is broken and uneven, running all the way from the marshes of Niort to the mountains of the Cantal; the railroads are, for the most part, wretched; and the traveler who takes his sight-seeing at all seriously must go rather as an explorer than as a tourist.

I have chosen to treat this large area as a single division of France simply because to separate it into provinces would be hopelessly confusing. It includes,



## Come With Me Through France

as I have laid it off, some dozen of these ancient units—Poitou, Limousin, Rouergue, Vendée, Aunis, Saintonge, Périgord, etc. And though, from the point of view of the ethnologist, the architect and the geographer, this region is not homogeneous—from the point of view of the tourist, it most assuredly is. To begin with, for the first-class traveler, it is forbidden ground. If we except Toulouse and Bordeaux, there are probably not ten first-class hotels in all this country between Tours and the Pyrenees. Bus services are few, porters scarce, and sleeping-cars almost unknown. But for the person who is willing to put up with the minor inconveniences (I shall not call them discomforts) of second- and third-class travel, there are few parts of France so beautiful and none so varied.

### *Bus Services*

The twelve or thirteen sightseeing bus lines which operate during the summer months through this central section of France are, compared to similar services in other parts of the country, rather sorry affairs. They start from no place in particular and usually end where they start; they are badly planned and worse managed, and, out of the whole number, there are only four or five that I can unreservedly recommend. So, bad as the trains are, I should advise you, in most cases, to stick to them. But here is a summary of the more important auto bus lines—those marked with an asterisk are the best of a bad lot:

*Excursions from Les Eyzies (Dordogne). July 15 to October 1.*

## What to See



LOIRE TO THE PYRENEES

## Come With Me Through France

- (1) Tuesday and Thursday. Montignac, Saint-Léon, Le Moustier, etc. Price—about 80 cents.
- \* (2) Wednesday and Sunday. Saint-Cyprien, Beynac, La Roque-Gageac, Domme, Château de Montfort, Sarlat. Price—about \$1.

### *Excursions from Rocamadour.*

- \* (1) Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday from July 15 to October 1. Padirac, Castelnau, Saint-Céré, etc. Price—about \$1.50.
- (2) A six-day circuit into the Cantal and lower Limousin. Leaving Rocamadour every Monday from July 4 to September 20. Price, transport only—about \$16.
- \* (3) A six-day circuit into the Rouergue and the valley of the Tarn. Leaving every Sunday and Monday from July 4 to September 20. Visiting Padirac, Entraygues and the valley of the Lot, Rodez, the Gorges of the Tarn, Villefranche-de-Rouergue, Cahors, etc. Price, transport only—about \$17.

### *Excursions from Millau. June 25 to September 25.*

- \* (1) Daily. Gorges of the Jointe and the Tarn. Price—about \$2.50.
- (2) Daily except Tuesday and Thursday. Gorges of the Dourbie and the Jointe. Price—about \$3.

*Millau-Carcassonne or vice versa.* June 25 to September 25. The quickest and by all odds the pleasantest way of covering this lap of the journey. Leave Millau—Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday; leave Carcassonne—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Price—about \$5.

*An Itinerary* of 21 days, chiefly by rail, for a person anxious to see something of this central section of France on a fairly limited budget.

## What to See

Beginning at Tours (238 kilometers, 3¼ hours from Paris), finishing at Bordeaux. Total distance by rail—1,730 kilometers.

- 1st day—(preferably Monday) Poitiers (s).
- 2nd day—Parthenay, Niort (s).
- 3rd day—Excursion to the marshes of Niort (s).
- 4th day—La Rochelle (s).
- 5th day—Excursion by boat to the Ile de Ré, returning to La Rochelle (s).
- 6th day—Saintes (s).
- 7th day—Angoulême, Limoges (s).
- 8th day—Uzerche, Brive (s).
- 9th day—Périgueux (s).
- 10th day—Les Eyzies, excursion (2) getting off the bus at Sarlat (s).
- 11th day—Rocamadour, by bus to Padirac and return to Rocamadour (s).
- 12th day—Cahors (s).
- 13th day—Capdenac, Rodez (s).
- 14th day—By rail to Espalion, thence by bus to Entraygues (s).
- 15th day—By bus, *via* Conques to Décazeville, thence by rail to Rodez (s).
- 16th day—To Millau (s).
- 17th day—Excursion (1) from Millau (s).
- 18th day—By bus to Carcassonne (s).
- 19th day—Carcassonne, Toulouse (s).
- 20th day—Albi, Toulouse (s).
- 21st day—Moissac, Bordeaux (s).

Note: (s) indicates a place where a night is spent.

Total railway fare, Tours to Bordeaux: First class, \$31.50; second class, \$21.25; third class, \$13.60. Excursions by bus and boat—about \$10.

To the statement that the above itinerary is incomplete, that it leaves out such places as Argenton-sur-

## Come With Me Through France

Creuse, Les Sables d'Olonne, and Salers, I should reply that I know it only too well. And I should ask you to remember that I warned you, at the beginning of this chapter, that no one on earth could hope to "do" this region properly in three weeks. But, following the itinerary I have given, you will be able to see, with a fair amount of comfort, about as much of Southwestern France as any one could hope to see in twenty-one days.

### THE PYRENEES

It is as if they had been there for a long, long time. They have acquired the mellowness of old wine and the delicacy of old brandy. Theirs is the beauty of ancient, familiar things, of frayed damask worn thin by the years, of antique furniture worn smooth by the hands of many generations. Over their hills and valleys lies a profound Arcadian peace that savors somehow of Æsop's fables and the simple life. The towns are set fearlessly in the river bottoms, as if every man trusted his neighbor and felt no need of walls; small streams laugh and chatter through the villages, and the air is hazy with the blue of wood smoke.

To one who has lived with the Pyrenees and known them well, who has fished in those gay little torrents that come rattling down from the hills, who has slept with the Basques and eaten many times (how many!) in those upland taverns where the hospitality is as warm as the Midi sunshine, the Pyrenees are rather a spirit than a range of mountains—a spirit infinitely rare and infinitely friendly. One is all too likely to forget that there are other things between the Bay of

## What to See

Biscay and the Mediterranean. One is all too likely to forget that the resorts of the Pyrenees—Biarritz, Pau, Cauterets, Luchon—are as popular as any in France; that Toulouse is the metropolis of the South, that Lourdes is the most famous pilgrimage in Christendom, and that even from the towers of Carcassonne you can see the mountains.

Biarritz has been famous ever since it sheltered the *villeggiatura* of the Second Empire. And somehow never, since then, has it quite lost the character that Eugénie gave it—it is still gracious in its aristocracy, and compared to Biarritz, Nice seems almost a street-woman and Deauville is a snob.

The country around Biarritz is some of the loveliest in Europe; there is Bayonne, a sort of gay, pleasant place, not a little Spanish; there is Saint-Jean-de-Luz, where Louis XIV came for his marriage with the Infanta, and which is now one of the most delightful little resorts in the Pyrenees; and across the border there is picturesque Fuenterrabia and beautiful St. Sebastien. There are these, and a dozen other excursions, along the coast, up into the hills—by train and tram and bus and bicycle—but the one trip that I really insist on your making is the one to Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port. Take the train from Bayonne some Monday morning (no other day will do); it will climb wearily up the way that Charlemagne's armies came—up toward the pass of Roncesvalles. Surely you have not forgotten Roland and his horn; how the Frankish rear-guard was trapped by the Saracens; how Roland and Oliver and the valiant archbishop fought and died. But Monday is market day in "St. John-Foot-of-the-



## Come With Me Through France

Gate" and the Basques are there in all their glory. They speak no French except a smiling "bonjour," but they are friendly and fine-looking and quaintly dressed. There are oxen with white linen covers to keep the flies away, and immaculate, woolly little lambs in the market-place. And there is an old bridge, and old walls, arched over with trees, and an old street with strange, wide-eaved houses.

Once you turn inland from the Basque coast, you come to the country of Béarn. Béarn is famous for its hunting, its fishing, its cooking, and the surprising mildness of its winter climate. All these things are not without their appeal, and the English come to Pau and Orthez and Salies-de-Béarn in great numbers. And it redounds to the everlasting credit of the Béarnese that these places, despite their popularity, are still unspoiled and still beautiful. Surely there are few views in the world more splendid than that from the wide hilltop boulevard of Pau, with the Pyrenees rising like a high serrated wall against the southern sky, with the swift green *Gave de Pau* hurrying by along the valley floor; surely there are few little resorts where one could spend a more pleasant spring month than at Salies-de-Béarn.

Lourdes is, perhaps, the strangest city of Western Europe—an unpleasant, pathetic little place of crippled people and gilt madonnas. Over the streets of Lourdes there seems to hang a sort of commercial piety, and her shop-windows are full of wax tapers and shiny brass crucifixes. Across the river, the water of the miraculous spring falls prosaically into three basins—here, in the summertime, come the halt and the lame

## What to See

of all the Catholic world. Most of them, it is true, go home disappointed; but their faith is an amazing and beautiful thing and the miracles occasionally do happen—there are cast-off crutches in the grotto and commemorative plaques in the church above.

Before I left Lourdes, I should certainly, if I were you, take the side-trip to Cauterets and Gavarnie—the mountain scenery in this part of the Pyrenees is incomparable. And on the way to Toulouse, I should certainly stop at Montréjeau and visit, either on foot or by private car, the ancient cathedral of Saint-Bertrand-de-Comminges—its choir-stalls are the finest in France.

Toulouse is, somehow, the apotheosis of the Midi. A little careless, a little squalid, a little gay, with hidden treasures that you are all too likely to miss. You must see St. Sernin, one of the greatest of the Romanesque churches of France; you should see the museum and spend an hour or two in the old quarter that lies just back from the river-front. But despite her easy charm, Toulouse is a city of no great beauty—she is foggy in the spring and fall, and dusty in the summer. And there is sheer enchantment waiting for you up the line at Carcassonne.

How I envy you who are going to see Carcassonne for the first time! How well I remember the first time I saw it! I had come down from Toulouse one morning in early spring—a heavy blanket of gray fog lay over the fields and the city streets were somber and cold. I was walking down along the river when a wind sprang up; the fog grew thin and began to drift away, and suddenly, across the valley, the sun came out. A

## Come With Me Through France

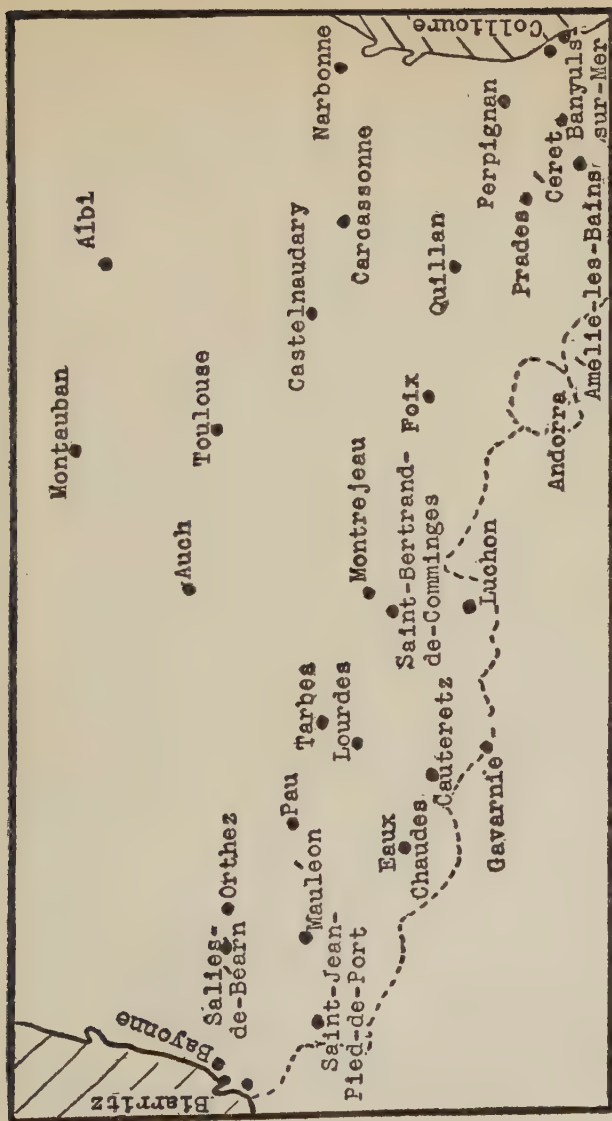
great green bank that sloped up steeply into the mist and disappeared. There, above, touched by the morning sun, half hidden by long arms of fog—the walls and turrets of a magic city. It seemed in some way cut out of the clouds, part and parcel of the sunlight, an elusive place that a man might look for always and see at length only in a vision. Many times since I have been to Carcassonne—seen it from the train windows on the way to Narbonne, walked the length of its high walls, loitered through its gateways. But never, I think, shall I see it as I saw it then, with the first flush of beauty on it, and the freshness of the spring.

Southeast of Carcassonne, where the Pyrenees come down to the sea, is Roussillon. It is a green little country and even from its farthest frontier you can see the high white slope of Canigou. There is no mountain more beautiful. It rises out of level orchard plains, queenlike and superb against the pale clear sky of the Eastern Pyrenees. And around its feet are low foothills, wooded over with cork, and picturesque little towns. There is Ceret of the ancient, beautiful bridge; there is Collioure, quaint and incredibly lovely, with its colored sails and its colored houses; there is Port-Vendres, and there is Elne, with a cloister which should be ranked with that of Arles, as among the finest of France.

### SEEING THE PYRENEES

#### *By Auto Bus*

The *Route des Pyrénées*, that high, winding mountain road which runs from Biarritz on the *Côte Basque*, to Cerbère on the *Côte Vermeille*, which parallels the



THE PYRENEES

## Come With Me Through France

Spanish frontier from the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean, is rightly considered one of the finest things of its kind in Europe. I have already spoken of the French Pyrenees—of their peculiar intimacy and great charm and, to me at least, the sheer picturesqueness and beauty of this Pyrenees road surpasses even that of the more famous *Route des Alpes*. Over the eight hundred-odd kilometers of this highway there exists, during the summer months, a bus service, with daily departures from Biarritz, which runs in six days to either Cerbère, on the extreme eastern end of the Pyrenees chain, or Carcassonne, of the towers and battlemented, medieval walls. And while no better way exists to get a brief and comprehensive view of the Pyrenees country, the value of either one of these services to the average American traveler is rather to be doubted. To go from Biarritz to Carcassonne (and this is the route most people seem to prefer) is to miss Salies-de-Béarn, with its narrow streets and picturesque houses, Pau, Gavarnie, Saint-Bertrand-de-Comminges, famous for its cathedral, Toulouse, architecturally one of the most interesting towns in France, and, over in the Eastern Pyrenees, the superb vista of the Canigou and the magnificent Corniche road of the "Vermilion Coast." To go from Biarritz to Cerbère is to miss most of these, and Carcassonne as well.

So, taken all in all, the better plan would seem to be a compromise of some sort—to go part of the way by bus and part by rail. And, instead of having six days straight of mountain scenery, to have ten days or a fortnight of balanced diet—some mountains, some

## What to See

cathedrals, and a few picturesque towns. I am giving below, nevertheless, the full particulars of this *Route des Pyrénées* service, marking with an asterisk those single-day itineraries that are especially worth while. The details—dates and prices—are, of course, subject to slight variations; they should be verified, if possible, at some travel agency or railway station.

*Route des Pyrénées* (ordinary service)—Biarritz-Cerbère or *vice versa*, six days, about \$20, not including meals, hotel expenses, or tip to the chauffeur. Leaving Biarritz and Cerbère each four times a week (book in advance) from June 20 to September 20. From Biarritz—Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; from Cerbère—Saturday, Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday.

*Route des Pyrénées* (ordinary service)—Biarritz-Carcassonne or *vice versa*, six days, about \$19—transportation only. Leaving Biarritz (June 20 to September 20) Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday; leaving Carcassonne Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. For the first five days from Biarritz (as far as Font-Romeu) this service follows the same route as the other.

\* 1st day (beginning at Biarritz)—Biarritz to Eaux-Bonnes, *via* Saint-Jean-de-Luz, Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port, Mauléon, Oloron-Sainte-Marie. Single day's trip—about \$5.75.

2nd day—Eaux-Bonnes to Cauterets; *via* the Col d'Aubisque and Lourdes. Single day's trip—about \$2.50.

\* 3rd day—Cauterets to Luchon, *via* Luz, Bagnères-de-Bigorre, and the Col du Tourmalet (over 7,000 feet). Single day's trip—about \$4.

4th day—Luchon to Ax-les-Thermes, *via* Saint-Girons, and Tarascon-sur-Ariège. Single day's trip—about \$4.



## Come With Me Through France

- 5th day (Biarritz-Cerbère)—Ax-les-Thermes to Amélie-les-Bains, *via* Bourg-Madame, Font-Romeu, Mont-Louis, Vernet-les-Bains, etc. Single day's trip—about \$4.75.
- 5th day (Biarritz-Carcassonne)—Ax-les-Thermes to Font-Romeu, *via* Bourg-Madame. Single day's trip—about \$2.
- \* 6th day (Biarritz-Cerbère)—Amélie-les-Bains to Cerbère, *via* Ceret, Collioure, Port-Vendres and Banyuls-sur-Mer. Half day's trip—about \$1.50.
- 6th day (Biarritz-Carcassonne)—Font-Romeu to Carcassonne, *via* Mont-Louis, Quillan, and Limoux. Single day's trip—about \$3.50.

*Route des Pyrénées* (express service)—Biarritz-Carcassonne or *vice versa*, three and one-half days, about \$22.50, transportation only. *Via* Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port, Eaux-Bonnes, Lourdes, Cauterets, Luchon, Ax-les-Thermes and Font-Romeu. Leaving Biarritz and Carcassonne three times a week.

*A Pyrenees Itinerary*: An 11-day trip, chiefly by rail, for a person anxious to see as much of the Pyrenees as possible, on a limited budget and in a limited space of time.

11 days, starting from Biarritz (3½ hours, 211 kilometers from Bordeaux) and ending at Perpignan (4½ hours, 301 kilometers from Avignon). Total distance by rail—about 770 kilometers.

- 1st day—Biarritz, Saint-Jean-de-Luz and Fuenterrabia, returning to Biarritz (s).
- 2nd day—Bayonne, Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port (s).
- 3rd day—To Mauléon (by bus), thence to Salies-de-Béarn (s).

## What to See

- 4th day—Pau (s).
- 5th day—*Via* Lourdes to Gavarnie (s).
- 6th day—Lourdes, Tarbes (s).
- 7th day—Montréjeau, with excursion to Saint-Bertrand-de-Comminges, Toulouse (s).
- 8th day—Toulouse, Carcassonne (s).
- 9th day—By bus to Font-Romeu (s).
- 10th day—By rail to Perpignan, thence stopping at Elne between trains, to Amélie-les-Bains (s).
- 11th day—By bus to Cerbère *via* the *Côte Vermeille*. Thence by rail to Perpignan (s).

Note: (s) indicates a place where a night is spent.

Total railway fare, Biarritz to Perpignan: First class, \$14; second class, \$9.50; third class, \$6. Bus fares—about \$6.25.

## *Walking in the Pyrenees*

If you like to walk, to wander with a knapsack on your back along winding hilly roads where every green valley is a joy and every new village a delight, the Pyrenees country is the place for you. And if you are one of those people who take their mountaineering seriously, who like nothing so well as scrambling up some wooded valley wall toward the lonely, snow-bound beauty of the very high places—then once again, the Pyrenees country is the place for you. Unlike the Alps, the Pyrenees remain, even to-day, unspoiled and unexploited. The small-town inns are good, the people friendly, the countryside lovely beyond words to tell.

If you intend to attack the Pyrenees in a really businesslike way, I can do nothing better than advise you

## Come With Me Through France

to buy and keep and study Hilaire Belloc's very complete and very excellent book on the subject. If you want merely a few days' holiday, I can recommend the following starting-points and itineraries:

Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port—as a center for excursions in the Basque country, to Saint-Etienne-de-Baigorry, to Esterencuby, to Mauléon, and across the Spanish border to Roncesvalles and Bruguete.

Mauléon to Tardets. Thence, after a side-trip to Larrau, by tram to Oloron, by train to Saint-Christau and afoot, through Bedous, Urdos and Gabas, to Eaux-Chaudes and Lanuns. 5 to 7 days.

From Saint-Béat (near Luchon) across the Spanish border up the Val d'Aran. As long as you like.

From Ax-les-Thermes to Andorra, thence returning to Bourg-Madame. 5 to 8 days.

From Vernet-les-Bains, *via* Prades and Vinca to Amélie-les-Bains. About 3 days.

From Argelès-sur-Mer, *via* Collioure and Port-Vendres to Banyuls-sur-Mer. 1 to 2 days.

### *A Few Fêtes and Market Days*

Those particularly interesting are marked with an asterisk.

#### *Fêtes*

\* Fuentarrabia—September 7 and 10.

\* Laruns—August 15. Remarkable costumes.

\* Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port—August 15 to 18. *Pelote* and Basque costumes.

#### *Market Days*

Foix—1st and 3rd Mondays.

Orthez—Tuesday.

## What to See

Saint-Girons—2nd and 4th Mondays of each month.

Montréjeau—Monday.

Pamiers—Saturday.

\* Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port—Monday.

## AUVERGNE AND THE CEVENNES

If you get so sick that you have to go to Vichy, you have my profound sympathy. Personally, I should rather have my liver made into *paté-de-foie-gras* than to go and cure it in the waters of Vichy. And the same goes for all the rest of these places—for Chatelguyon and Royat and Saint-Nectaire and La Bourboule. Mineral water may go very well when mixed with certain strong liquors; but mineral water mixed with expensive invalids is one thing that I, at least, cannot abide. What if Napoleon III did go to Vichy for his stomach? Shall you and I, who are never bothered with dyspepsia, go all the way to Vichy to sit in the bathtub of a king?

So, if I were in your place, I should go through the Auvergne like a summer breeze. I might stop two hours at Aigueperse for the church, and two more at Riom for the old houses and the Flemish tapestries. I should certainly go to Clermont-Ferrand, see the cathedral and the many picturesque old houses, and make the ascent of the magnificent Puy-de-Dôme. And once I had done this, I should turn tail and run.

I should run as far as the Cevennes, anyway.

Stevenson was right about the Cevennes. He decided that a donkey was the best, and perhaps even the fastest method of transportation. And you and I, after one look at the slothful little trains that run

## Come With Me Through France

over past Le Puy to Lyons, will realize for the first time the true advantages of a "Celestine." Sightseeing in the Cevennes is so difficult that it approaches the impossible. The trains I have already spoken of; the busses, it seems to me, go always in the wrong direction; the small-town hotels are as vile as any in Europe. This being the case, I should do as little traveling in the Cevennes as I could. I should go to Le Puy. I should go to La Chaise-Dieu where, just to prove that every rule has its exception, there is a fairly decent little hotel. And when I had seen these two, I should get on the train, change a few times—at Sembadel and Saint-Etienne and perhaps also at Bonson—and hope, eventually, to arrive at Lyons.

Le Puy is one of the most curious towns in France. A dramatic little place, lying in a verdant, fertile valley, with high black columns of volcanic rock standing up against the sky. You will want to climb up that winding dizzy stairway to where the little church St. Michel-d'Aiguilhe huddles, like a St. Simon Stylites, upon her pillar of lava; you will want to see the cathedral—its polychromic façade is a thing of rare beauty; you will want to watch the lace-makers in the streets—those busy, genial streets of Le Puy which are always full of a sort of shady disarray. And lastly you will want to go to La Chaise-Dieu.

Highest in the matter of altitude of the great religious edifices of France, the monastery church of La Chaise-Dieu is, at the same time, one of the most impressive. Somber, forbidding, built out of gray granite, La Chaise-Dieu looks like a church of the high country. But you should not miss her once you are west of

## What to See

Lyons and south of Vichy—for her sculpted tombs and her famous *danse macabre*, her exquisite choir-stalls and her superb Flemish tapestries are worth going a long way to see.

Lyons! One always thinks of factory chimneys and silk-mills, and such, really, is the Lyons of to-day—too commercial to be beautiful, too young to be quaint, too prosperous to be interesting. But you can spend a very pleasant day there, none the less. Satisfy the inner man with a bit of that very excellent Lyonnese cooking and a bottle of Beaujolais wine—then start out to see the city. I should begin, if I were you, with the amazing Cloth Museum, in which you can follow the weavers of the world through forty centuries. I should see the beautiful old church of St. Jean, take the funicular up the hill to exquisite Notre Dame-de-Fourviers, and then, if I had any time left over, go to the rather mediocre art museum. But the next morning would see me safely in Provence.

### SEEING AUVERGNE AND THE CEVENNES

If an evil chance brings you to Vichy (and here's wishing you luck!), if you take the wrong train at Moulins or are led astray by a railway station poster—don't feel too badly about it. A calamity of this sort is rarely fatal. I claim to be no savant on medical subjects, but I do know that a certain remedy for Vichy is a railway train going in the right direction. And an auto bus is even better.

I have already told you what I think of these spas, scattered like so many frivolous sanitariums across the



## Come With Me Through France

center of France—but spas or no spas, Auvergne is one of the most remarkable bits of country in Europe. And cruising around, by bus, among clusters of dead volcanoes—great sparsely wooded cones that rear their heads, some of them, close to five thousand feet into the air—makes an interesting enough way to pass the summer day. The two bus services, starting from Vichy, that I should particularly recommend to your attention are—

The *Route Thermale* line that runs to La Bourboule *via* Royat—one day, about \$2.50. (From La Bourboule you can get a train through Brive to either Bordeaux or Toulouse.)

The Vichy-Le Puy-Grenoble line. Vichy to Le Puy in one day, *via* La Chaise-Dieu—about \$4. Le Puy to Grenoble in one day, *via* Valence (on the main line Lyons-Avignon)—about \$4.50. This bus trip, if you don't mind spending the \$8.50 in two days for transportation, makes the pleasantest and by far the quickest way to see the Cevennes and something of Auvergne as well.

For this one division of France I am not giving an itinerary. You should see the Auvergne from an auto of some sort—or not at all; you should include, if possible, Clermont-Ferrand and the Puy-de-Dôme; you will certainly want to see Le Puy and La Chaise-Dieu; it is at least likely that you will want to spend an afternoon in Lyons. But that is all. And when you read Stevenson's *Travels With a Donkey*, as you really must, whether you go to the Cevennes or stay in Chicago, try to remember that the charm—that haunting charm which lies so deep over Stevenson's pages—is

## What to See

the charm of Stevenson and not the charm of the Cevennes.

### THE FRENCH ALPS

If the bottom ever drops out of alpenstock common and the owner has to put Mont Blanc and her glorious sisters up for sale, he might say, very appropriately, in his advertisements that they "must be seen to be appreciated." It would be true as gospel. No one in the world would buy the Alps sight unseen; just as any one who loved beautiful things would strip his purse threadbare to buy them, once he had been in Evian, or Chamonix, or Annecy, or Grenoble.

Time was, a couple of decades ago, when Mont Blanc and Paris were the two things in Europe that really mattered—a sort of skeleton around which the careful traveler built his "grand tour." Time was when people liked to go to some spa or center of *villeggiatura* and stay there, being sedately gay, for a whole summer. Time was—but why go on? Edward is no longer King of England and there has been a war. *Villeggiatura* is no longer fashionable and Americans that have traveled three thousand miles are no longer content to look at the Alps from a hotel piazza.

Let me say once more that the Alps "must be seen to be appreciated," and let me add that no one can see the Alps properly from a train window. A hotel piazza is bad but the trains of Dauphiné and Savoie are worse. They pound along with infinite labor, up hill and down—and every time they get to a particularly beautiful spot, they either emit a large cloud of steam or go into a tunnel. An hour of this would reduce any

## Come With Me Through France

number of Jobs to profanity; a day of it would make a misanthrope of the most radiant Pollyanna.

Many people have seen Normandy, and Brittany and Alsace, but no one has ever seen the French Alps and no one ever will. You can lay your hands upon the beauty of Normandy, pin it down to a few well-chosen towns, and having seen these, know all; but the beauty of Dauphiné and Savoie is a thing infinitely elusive—the beauty of lordly heads, reared fifteen thousand feet above the flat and fertile provinces of the world; the beauty of ermine-covered shoulders, of deep green valleys poured full of golden mist, of soaring roads that climb and climb and climb. If you go from town to town, from resort to resort, you will look in vain for the beauty of Dauphiné and Savoie; for from Lake Geneva to the Mediterranean there is not one town worthy of more than passing interest, not one building—not even the Grande Chartreuse—worthy of standing-room on a Rouen street. You should see the French Alps by bus or not at all. Walking, as a whole, is impracticable. You can locate in one place and do any amount of climbing; but for cross-country hiking the towns are too far apart and the paths too difficult.

And what, you ask, of the third-class traveler? Sightseeing busses are not for him; a week in the French Alps would set his whole European budget askew. There is no answer to this question. Indubitably, the French Alps are *not* the place for the third-class traveler. But no more are they, in my opinion, the place for the American on his first trip abroad. Natural scenery—the beauty of mountain and river and wood—is rather America's *forte* than

## What to See

Europe's; and I should concentrate, if I were you, on the things which Europe has and America has not—cathedrals, museums, and quaint, lovely little towns. If I had to leave any part of France for another trip, I think I should leave the Alps.

But now that I have given you this very wise and very excellent advice, my heart begins to go back on me. For I begin to think of the Valley of the Arly and the Valley of Montjoie; I begin to think of the Lake of Annecy as I saw it on one never-to-be-forgotten dusk in spring, of Grenoble, "capital of the French Alps," and the mountain-walls of the Charreusse. I remember the magnificent *Route des Alpes* that winds its dizzy way from Nice to Evian. My mind wanders and I see the vale of Chamonix full of wild-flowers; I see the Ecrins and the toothless hag that is the Mont-Aiguille. And with all this loveliness tumbling down on me out of the past, things become very complicated. I scarcely know what to tell you. But I shall stick to my guns—if this is your first trip abroad, the Alps, despite their beauty, are not for you.

### SEEING THE FRENCH ALPS

Had the P.L.M. Company existed in the days of Rome, and had its directors offered, for a few thousand *denarii*, to transport Hannibal and his army across the Alps, to move them speedily and comfortably, to find them hotels, to set them down safely at their destination—even the imperturbable Carthaginian, I think, would have been surprised. And yet every summer this P.L.M. Company transports back and forth

## Come With Me Through France

through the Alps an army of tourists scarcely less formidable. Hannibal, on an important business errand, was impatient at a delay of over a week; the tourist, traveling for pleasure, complains bitterly if his auto stalls for ten minutes. Such is human progress. And between Swiss cheese and American tourists, Dauphiné and Savoie are getting rich.

If you commandeered all the busses that run in summer from Grenoble and Aix-les-Bains and Annecy, you could accommodate Hannibal's army and have room left for Napoleon's. There are almost as many bus companies as there are busses, but the best and most regular of these services are those of the P.L.M. I am giving below the most important of these and dividing them into two sections—transportation services: means of getting from one place to another; and excursion services: circular trips that begin and end at the same place. Most of the transportation services are either variations or branches of the famous *Route du Jura et des Alpes*, which runs from Belfort in southern Alsace, to Nice, on the Riviera. Most of them, unless otherwise noted, operate from about June 15 to about September 15. Most of the excursion busses, unless otherwise noted, run every day. The prices, etc., accurate at the present time, are, of course, subject to change.

### *Transportation services*

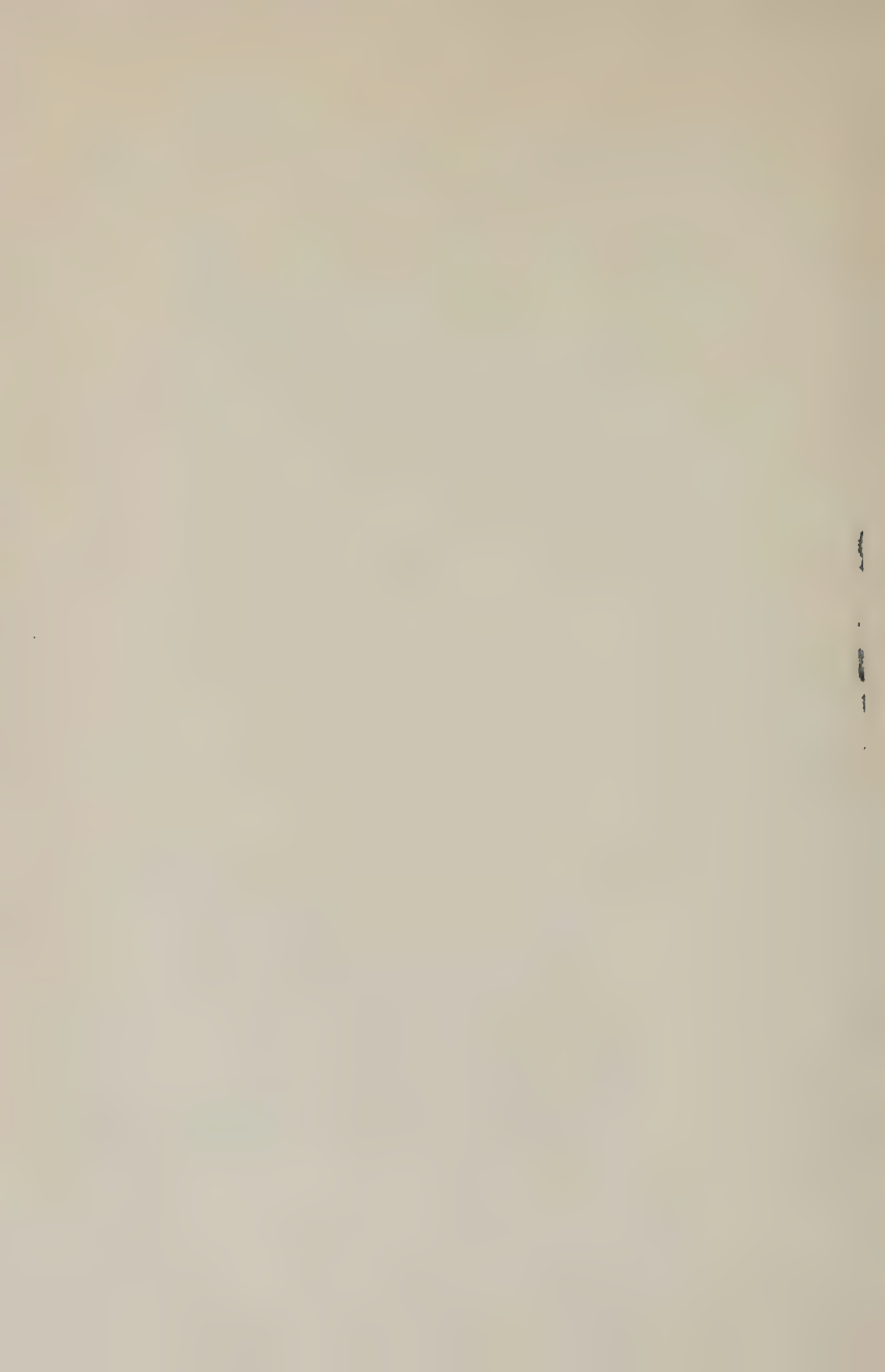
Belfort to Besançon, 1 day, <i>via</i> Saint-Hippolyte and Goumois.....about	\$ 4.50
Besançon to Evian, 1 day, by bus and boat, <i>via</i> Lausanne .....	about 3.25
Evian to Chamonix, 1 day, <i>via</i> Combloux..about	3.00

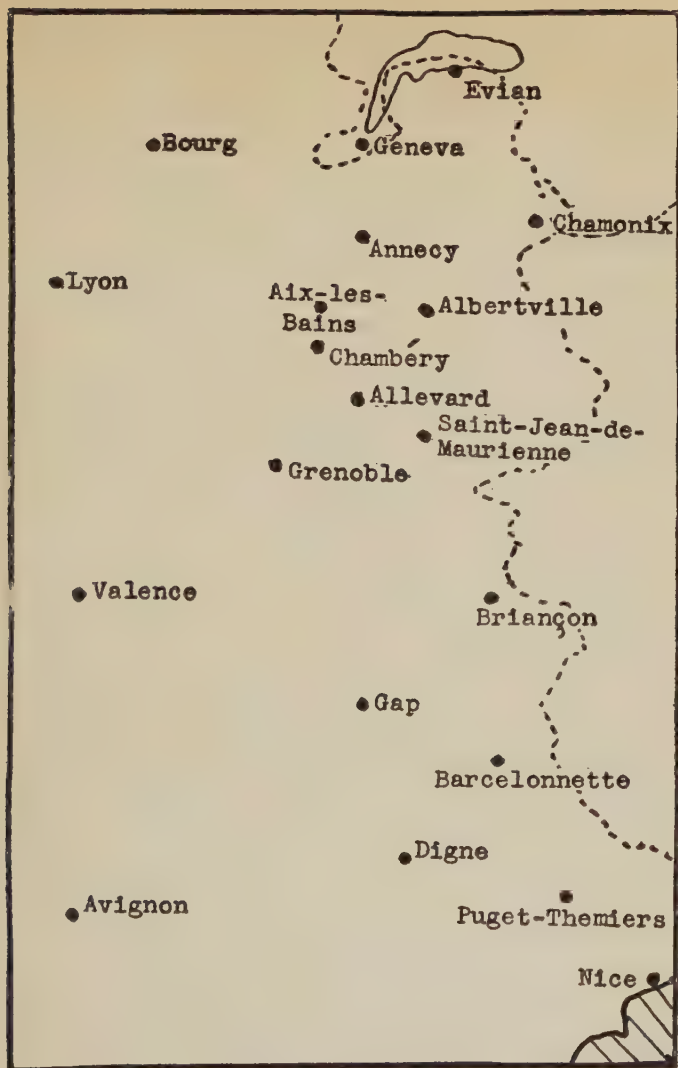




Avignon—The ancient Roman bridge spanning the Rhone, with the castle of the Popes in the distance.







THE FRENCH ALPS

## Come With Me Through France

Chamonix to Briançon, 1 day, <i>via</i> Combloux, the Gorges of the Arly and Saint-Jean-de-Maurienne .....	about	\$ 6.50
Chamonix to Grenoble, 1 day, <i>via</i> Combloux and Albertville .....	about	3.50
Chamonix to Annecy, 1 day, <i>via</i> Combloux .....	about	2.75
Annecy to Grenoble, 1 day, <i>via</i> Chambéry and the Grande Chartreuse.....	about	3.00
Chamonix to Aix-les-Bains, 1 day, <i>via</i> Annecy .....	about	3.50
Aix-les-Bains to Grenoble, ½ day, <i>via</i> Chambéry and the Grande Chartreuse.....	about	2.25
Grenoble to Le Puy, 1 day, <i>via</i> Pont-en-Royans and Valence .....	about	4.75
Grenoble to Saint-Jean-de-Maurienne, 1 day, <i>via</i> Le Lautaret .....	about	3.25
Grenoble to Briançon, either ½ or 1 day, <i>via</i> Le Lautaret .....	about	3.00
Briançon to Nice, 1½ days, <i>via</i> Barcelonnette, Beauvezer, and Puget-Theniers.....	about	11.00
Briançon to Nice, 2 days, <i>via</i> the Valley of the Queyras, Barcelonnette, etc. ....	about	11.00

*Winter service over the Route des Alpes*—Aix-les-Bains to Nice, *via* Chambéry, Grenoble, Digne, etc., 3 days. Thrice weekly during December and January. Daily from February to June .....

10.00

### *Excursion services*

From Chamonix:

- (1) Circuit of Valals—Martigny, Evian, the Col des Gets .....
- 5.00
- (2) Geneva and return, *via* Saint-Gervais .....
- 3.50

From Aix-les-Bains:

- (1) Annecy, Mont Révard, Chambéry ..
- 2.50

## What to See

* (2) Circuit of the Lac du Bourget....about	\$ 2.50
(3) Chamonix, <i>via</i> Annecy, and re- turn .....	about 4.00
From Grenoble:	
* (1) Circuit des Grands Cols (of the great passes), Col de la Croix de Fer, du Glandon, du Galibier, du Lau- taret .....	about 5.00
(2) Château of Vizille, Col du Lau- taret .....	about 2.25
* (3) Uriage, Bourg d'Oisans, La Bérarde about	2.25
(4) Circuit of the Trièves, ½ day, three times a week.....	about 2.00
* (5) Circuit of the Vercors.....	about 2.25
(6) Circuit of the Grande Chartreuse, either ½ or 1 day.....	about 1.25
(7) Circuit of Saint-Même, three times a week .....	about 2.00
(8) Circuit of Valgaudemar, three times a week .....	about 3.50

The excursion itineraries marked with an asterisk are those particularly to be recommended.

Here is a rather interesting trip by rail, planned for the third-class traveler who has come down to Nice by way of Marseilles, and is not so much anxious to see the French Alps as to get back north to Lyons without retracing his steps.

1st day—Nice to Digne, by the little *Chemins de Fer de la Provence* (go first class).

2nd day—Digne to Grenoble, *via* Saint-Auban, by the P.L.M.

3rd day—Grenoble to Lyons.

## Come With Me Through France

Total railway fare, first class on the narrow-gauge and third elsewhere, \$4.80; third class all the way, \$4.20. By way of Marseilles and Avignon, in third class, this trip (Nice-Lyons) would cost \$4.60.

### PROVENCE

Some one has said—I do not know who, or where, or how long ago—that to understand Provence you must be a lover, a drunkard, or a bit of a fool. Be that as it may, complete sanity is something of a disadvantage once you start south from Lyons. For what completely sane person could hope to distinguish, under the warm yellow moon of the Midi, the shadowy troubadours that still linger round the lovely fountain of Vaucluse; what ordinary eyes could ever see, in the fields and woods that fringe the Rhone, the fierce *tarasques* that Tartarin hunted so valiantly?

It is hard to write satisfactorily about Provence. In cases such as this, the spoken word—with appropriate gestures (the lifted glass, the kiss thrown off into the air)—is so much more eloquent than the printed page. The book of Provence should be written on vellum and illuminated in bright colors—the gay, sunlit blue of the Southern Sea, the purple stain of wine; red, for the poppies round Beaucaire; yellow, for the curtains of dust that hang in summer above the roads of the Camargue; green, for the willow trees along the Rhone. The book of Provence should be read aloud in one of those gardens of Avignon where Petrarch and Laura have left the memory of an imperishable love; it should be read by an Arlesian woman, one of the straight-

## What to See

nosed daughters of the Venus of Arles; read in the rich, warm, full-mouthed dialect of the South.

Over Provence there lies a sort of fragrant sadness, like the gentle regret of an old man thinking of the far-off merry days of his youth. No longer are there Courts of Love at Aix, no longer does good King René "by the grace of God, King of Jerusalem, of Sicily, of Aragon, of Valence, of Majorca, Sardinia and Corsica, Duke of Anjou and of Bar, Count of Barcelona, Forcalquier, Piedmont and Provence"—René the good, René the merry—no longer does he hold carnival with jousting and much wine; and the troubadours have gone the way of the hurrying Rhone. And to-day it is as if the people of Provence had learned from their fathers that men should be gay in that country and had forgotten why.

Three separate civilizations have come and gone in Provence and each one, passing, has left behind it a magnificent heritage—like the presents that departing kings might give to a beautiful woman, the largess of royalty. Search where you will—in Italy, Dalmatia, Asia Minor, across Algerian wheat-fields—you will find no collection of Roman constructions so large or so perfect. Nîmes, exquisite with her *Maison-Carrée* and her arena, the famous *Pont-du-Gard* at Remoulins nearby, the great theater and the splendid arch of Orange, the amphitheater of Arles, the walls of Vaison, the mausoleum of Saint-Remy and the Flavian bridge at Saint-Chamas—where could you hope to match them?

Equally great and equally wonderful and even more beautiful are the relics of the Middle Ages. Avignon,



## Come With Me Through France

enthroned above the river, with her broken-brown walls and her broken bridge, where the friars once danced to the tune of the old roundelay—Avignon, rich in her Palace of the Popes and its superb frescoes, with Notre Dame-des-Doms and the view over that willow-fringed loveliness that is the Rhone, with turreted Villeneuve facing her across the water—Avignon, the beautiful and the rare.

And what of Arles? Arles, where the dust of antiquity mingles with the strange neglected clutter of a Midi town. Silent, slattern Arles. With her dirty streets and the surprising beauty and tidiness of her costumed women. With the columns of Roman temples helping to hold up the stuccoed walls of a hotel. With splendid St. Trophime, first among the Romanesque churches of France—St. Trophime of the glorious portal and the glorious cloister.

Not far away is (or perhaps it should be “are”) Les Baux. A little, fallen hill-town, crowning a rocky, outlying spur of the Alps. To-day it counts less than a hundred inhabitants; formerly it was the home of a great lord, a seigneur who bore the proud title “Emperor of Constantinople” and could sustain his right. But for its old houses and its old towers, its superb view and the gentle air of its decay—it must be counted among the most interesting towns of all Provence.

Southwest of Arles, lying between the wide-spreading, listless arms of the Rhone delta, is the swamp of the Camargue. A strange desolate place of salt marshes and shallow, reedy lakes where nothing ever comes but the *mistral*, and the voices of frogs. A wind-swept country of silent, flat horizons, of dead,

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fever-ridden waters, and dead, magnificent towns. There are three of these fallen cities—Aigues-Mortes of the colossal walls, port of St. Louis, and, with Carcassonne, as perfect a medieval *ensemble* as can be found in Europe; Saint-Gilles, with the mutilated façade of what must once have been the finest cathedral in the Midi; Les Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer, of the thatched roofs and the picturesque, battlemented church.

And so to Marseilles.

Marseilles is no place for the unescorted maiden; no place for the lover of streets straight and clean, that run smoothly and quickly to a dull end—like the life of a blameless person. For the streets of Marseilles are little and twisted and full of color; the language of Marseilles is rich and warm and usually obscene; the red wine of Marseilles is strong and bitter and dark. Just for a moment along the Cannebière—which is, according to the people of the region, far and away the finest street in the world—Marseilles rises to the respectability of glass-fronted cafés and tourist offices—but this is only a pretense, for a half dozen blocks away, near the *Vieux Port* (you can see the blue glimmer of it as you sip your coffee on the Cannebière) is what is usually called the most evil street in Europe. You will either like Marseilles or you will hate her; and once you start down those marble steps from the station, you will know, in your heart of hearts, which it is. But whether you hate Marseilles or love her, whether you find her color attractive or her grime impossible, don't fail, before you leave, to see the dungeons of the Château d'If and don't fail to

## Come With Me Through France

climb up to where Notre Dame-de-la-Garde looks out, a little wistfully, over her city.

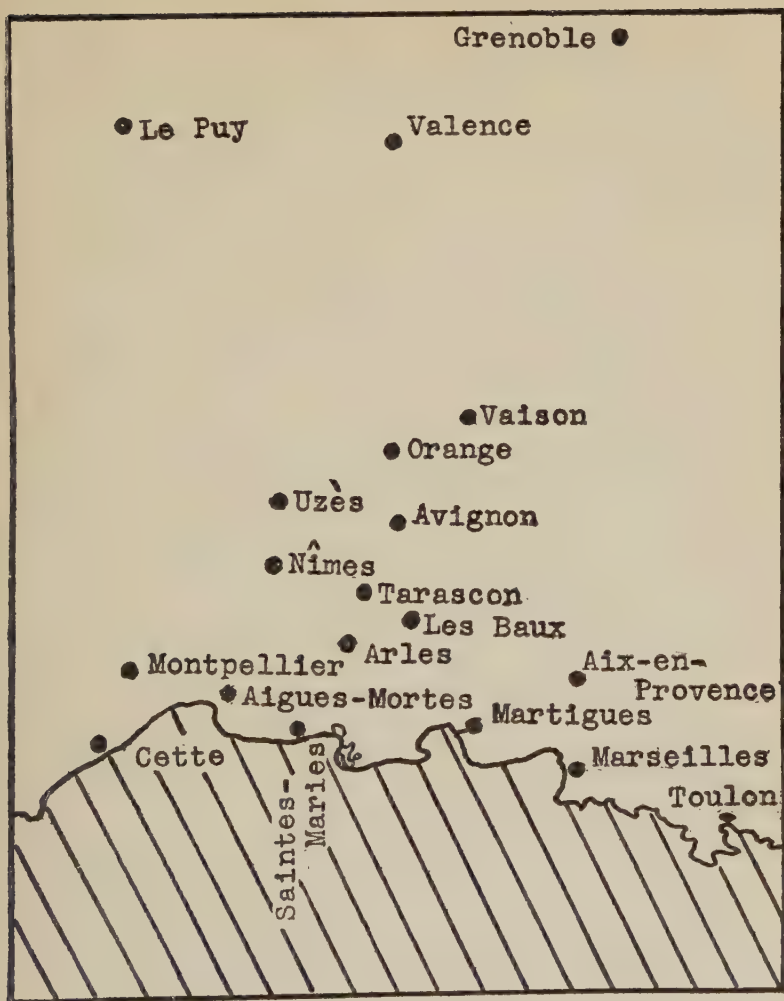
What a difference an hour will make! Start north from Marseilles, travel an hour, and you are in Aix. Aix is all that Marseilles should be and is not—a city of quiet aristocracy, of rusty elegance, a place which has not changed a jot since the days of the later Louis'. And when it comes to a beautiful street I would back the Cours Mirabeau against all the Cannebières in Europe. Aix is a town of lovely old houses and beautiful doorways, the home of Zola and the home of Cézanne, a city of squares and churches and a fine museum. Aix is like a lady, one of those old English ladies that you see so often on the Riviera, with her hat on the top of her head and her skirt-hem on the ground. A lady always! We might call her Victorian if she belonged to us. But she doesn't, and we call her Aix.

### SEEING PROVENCE

#### *By Auto Bus*

I have a friend who knew Provence in those far years when Stevenson preferred "Celestine" and a sleeping-bag to stage-coaches and the doubtful beds of village taverns. This friend (for he is a romanticist as well as being a lover of the good old days) would like to think of Provence as a place where damozels ride on white palfreys and troubadours lurk under every ruined wall. He cherishes, against railroads, the bitterest sort of resentment; and he regards an auto bus as a personal affront. But I always tell him, a

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PROVENCE

## Come With Me Through France

little sorrowfully (for who would not like to have known Stevenson and to have walked, as an explorer rather than a tourist, into the treasure-house of the Camargue!) that he has had his turn and that our turn has come. We, who lack the time or the strength or the patience or the desire to go as Stevenson went,—call us the fortunate of the world, or the weak,—it is our day. And yet there is, I must admit, something in what my friend says. Provence is a country of sunshine and song and leisure; to go through it with an auto bus seems as unnatural as to go through America with a mule.

Nevertheless, with two summer months and half of Europe before us, we cannot afford to be particular. We who are beggars (in the matter of time) cannot be choosers—and the P.L.M. excursions from Avignon and Nîmes offer about as pleasant a way to see Provence quickly as one could well expect for the money. The alternative—to go by rail or bicycle—makes it necessary to stop at the small hotels in places like Les Baux, Aigues-Mortes, Les Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer. And while these hotels are perfectly satisfactory—clean rooms, good beds, excellent food—they are in no sense luxurious. The first-class traveler will do well to avoid them. As to the bus services—here they are. The schedules and prices, correct at the present time, should be verified.

\* *Marseilles-Avignon*, or *vice versa*. From March 1 to October 1. Leaving Marseilles Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday; leaving Avignon Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. *Via* Martigues, Les Baux, Saint-Remy. Price—about \$2.50.

## What to See

### *Excursions from Avignon.* March 1 to October 15.

- \* (1) Every day. Avignon, Tarascon, Arles, Montmajour, Les Baux, Saint-Remy, Avignon. Price—about \$2.
- \* (2) Every day. Villeneuve-les-Avignon, Uzès, Nîmes, Pont-du-Gard. Price—about \$2.50.
- \* (3) Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Saint-Gilles, Aigues-Mortes, Les Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer, Arles. Price—about \$3.50.
- \* (4) Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Carpentras, Vaison, Orange, Villeneuve-les-Avignon. Price—about \$2.25.
- (5) Monday and Wednesday. Gordes, Abbey of Senanque, Vaucluse. Price—about \$2.75.
- (6) Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. L'Isle-sur-Sorgue, Vaucluse. Price—about \$1.25.

### *Excursions from Nîmes.* March 15 to October 15.

- \* (1) Wednesday and Saturday. Saint-Gilles, Arles, Abbey of Montmajour, Les Baux, Saint-Remy, Tarascon. Price—about \$2.
- \* (2) Thursday. Château-de-Castille, Pont-du-Gard, Lafoux. Price—about \$1.
- (3) Saint-Gilles, Le Grau-du-Roi, Aigues-Mortes, Aimargues. Price—about \$2.
- (4) Pont-du-Gard, Château-de-Castille, Uzès. Price—about \$1.50.

\* Indicates those excursions which are particularly to be recommended.

*Nine Days in Provence.* An itinerary, chiefly by rail, for a person with limited time and limited money.

Starting from Lyons (512 kilometers, 7½ hours from Paris), ending at Marseilles. Total distance by rail—about 735 kilometers; by bus—about 120.



## Come With Me Through France

- 1st day—Orange, Avignon (s).  
2nd day—Avignon (s) with excursion across the river to Villeneuve-les-Avignon.  
3rd day—Tarascon, Beaucaire, and, *via* Nîmes, to Aigues-Mortes (s).  
4th day—Returning to Nîmes (s) and in the afternoon excursion (2) or (4) to the Pont-du-Gard.  
5th day—By rail (*Chemins de Fer de la Camargue*) to Saint-Gilles, and thence (P.L.M.) to Arles (s).  
6th day—In the morning, excursion by rail (*Chemins de Fer de la Camargue*) to Les Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer. Returning to Arles for lunch. Picking up at 3 P.M. bus circuit (1) Avignon, going from Arles to Avignon (s), *via* Montmajour, Les Baux, Saint-Remy.  
7th day—Avignon to Marseilles (s).  
8th day—Excursion by rail to Martigues, returning to Marseilles (s).  
9th day—Excursion by rail to Aix-en-Provence, returning to Marseilles (s).

Note: (s) indicates a place where a night is spent.

Total railway fare, Lyons to Marseilles: First class, \$13.60; second class, \$9.25; third class, \$6. Bus excursions—about \$2.75.

### *A Bicycle Itinerary*

Bicycling in Provence is such a thoroughly pleasant business that one hesitates, at first, to mention the two unpleasant things—that the roads of Provence are often dusty and the sun of Provence is always hot. But nowhere, certainly, are the skies bluer; there are cafés with cool high *demis* of beer in every village; and always, over the hills ahead, beckons the forgotten

## What to See

loveliness of the most romantic country in the world. The following trip, starting from Marseilles, covering some 540 kilometers (roughly 335 miles), and returning to Marseilles, enables one to visit practically all the interesting places in Provence. It would take, on a bicycle, between ten and sixteen days; in a car it could be made comfortably in about five.

- (1) Marseilles to Arles, *via* Martigues, Saint-Chamas, Miramas, Les Baux, the Abbey of Montmajour. 124 kilometers. 2 to 4 days.
- (2) Arles, Saint-Gilles, Albaron, Les Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer, Sylveréal, Ferme de Psalmody, Aigues-Mortes, Aimargues, Nîmes. 110 kilometers. 2 to 3 days.
- (3) Nîmes, Beaucaire, Tarascon, the Pont-du-Gard, Pont-Saint-Esprit, Orange, Avignon. 131 kilometers. 3 to 5 days.
- (4) Avignon, Vaucluse, Gordes, Coustellet, Cucuron, the Abbey of Silvacane, Roquefavour, Aix-en-Provence, Marseilles. 174 kilometers. 3 to 5 days.

## *Two Fêtes*

Both of these are worth going a long way to see.

Les Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer—May 15 and the first Sunday after October 22. Pilgrimage of the Gypsies and Blessing of Horses.

Les Baux—December 24. Christmas of the shepherds of Baux. Provençal Christmas carols.

## *Some Books*

First among the books that concern themselves, directly or indirectly, with Provence and its people, I

## Come With Me Through France

should rank Daudet's *Tartarin of Tarascon*—a most amusing burlesque of a great hunter and a great liar. Next it might be well to mention *Mireille*, a tragic and deeply religious verse drama which, written in Provençal by Frédéric Mistral, won the Nobel Prize not so many years ago. But, to me, more beautiful than either of these, and perhaps even more in the true spirit of Provence are two chapters by two very fine English stylists—one in George Moore's *Memoirs of my Dead Life* (the chapter is called "The Lovers of Orelay" and concerns itself, probably, with Avignon); the other, on Arles, in *Spiritual Adventures*, by Arthur Symons.

As a travel book—a book on the villages of Provence, their legends, their history and what they are to-day, I should recommend *The Spell of Provence* by André Hallays. It cannot, of course, be classed with the first four, but it is a good book of its sort, and an entertaining one.

## THE RIVIERA

Want to see the Riviera? It looks easy at first. Simply sit down, some balmy winter afternoon, on the terrace of the Café de Paris at Monte Carlo—when the luncheon crowd is just leaving *Ciro's* and the clear crack of shotgun fire comes ringing up from the *Tir aux Pigeons* down the hill—sit there and watch the Côte-d'Azur go by you in her satin shoes. At first that seems to be all there is to the Riviera—a climate and chiffon stockings, white façades and long low Hispano-Suizas that go about their business noiselessly, like

## What to See

huge sleek cats. The Riviera is beautiful but her sights are few—a score or more of rather picturesque little towns, scattered through the hills of the Maures and the Esterel and the Maritime Alps; a half dozen superb views—that from Antibes across the Baie des Anges, sunset over the Esterel as seen from the hills behind Cannes, the wide, seaward vista from rock-bound La Turbie; a couple of quaint little ports—Cassis, perhaps, and Saint-Tropez—no more.

The Riviera is a narrow little land, walled in on the north by the high bleak chain of the Maritime Alps. To the south, rustling around the red basalt of her rocky promontories, murmuring gently along the beach at Nice—the blue, the sunlit, the ever-tranquil sea. The Riviera is yellow with mimosa and pink with rose and scented with orange blossoms, like a bride. Under her golden sun and beside her glittering sea, King Carnival reigns. A sort of Old Provence transplanted into the twentieth century—with “blue trains” instead of white palfreys, and roulette *croupiers* instead of troubadours. A strange, light-hearted place where no one does anything more serious than pick flowers—for the perfume factories at Grasse.

Let us start with Marseilles which, being the end of everything else (including, very possibly, your life, if you venture at night into certain streets near the *Vieux Port*), is quite appropriately the beginning of the Riviera. It must be admitted, however, that the Riviera gets off to a poor start. Picturesque little Cassis is a sort of poor relation—no more tolerated by her rich cousins—Nice and Cannes and Menton. But there are very charming places along here—Bandol and

## Come With Me Through France

Sanary-sur-Mer and dirty, colorful Toulon. Yet those who like their gayety in large quantities had better stay on the train until they get to Hyères. There is only one trouble with Hyères—it is not on the sea. It used to be, some fifteen centuries ago, but there was some sort of scandal as I remember. Either the sea went off and left Hyères or Hyères went off and left the sea. But that doesn't interfere with the golf, which is the best in the south of France, with the palm trees or the arcaded streets or the English vacationists who go there in great number.

The next stop is Saint-Tropez, which really isn't a stop at all, but a side-trip and a very delightful one. People are just beginning to wake up to the fact that Saint-Tropez, with its bright-colored little sailing ships and its harbor of polished silver, is one of the most picturesque spots on the whole long chain of the Côte-d'Azur. But I can't say as much for Sainte-Maxime, across the bay, nor for Saint-Raphael, which is more popular but not nearly so beautiful. Fréjus, nearby, the self-styled "Pompeii of the North," has some interesting Roman ruins. But after Fréjus we get on the train, or the bus, and go along, between the red cliffs of the Esterel and the blue water of the sea until we get to Cannes, beautiful, elegant, exclusive Cannes, the Palm Beach of the Riviera. Cannes too has her golf, her tennis, her yachting, her casino. And from Cannes you can run up to Grasse if you like and see perfume in the making.

I think, taken all in all, the most delightful part of the Riviera is that strip of country that lies between Cannes and Nice. It isn't so abruptly dramatic as the





Monaco--The tiny principality on the French Riviera where Europe and America play for high stakes.





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high hills that rise behind Monte Carlo, but for soft beauty and varied charm, it would be hard to equal these places—Juan-les-Pins, Antibes, Cagnes—magic, colorful little towns on the edge of the blue, blue sea.

Nice, "capital of the Côte-d'Azur," city of carnival, city of the dance—no, there is only one Nice. Big enough so that you can live cheaply without feeling impoverished, luxuriously without feeling showy, quietly or gayly as you choose, Nice offers an ideal place for the road-weary traveler to settle down. And Nice is beautiful with her curving bay and her flower-market and her white villas and her blue water, more beautiful, I think, than any large city in all France. From Nice you can take excursions—the conventional ones to the Gorges du Loup, to Peira Cava and to Eze, a mere eagle's nest of a town, high on the Corniche road over the hills—or go by yourself to Vence and Sospel and Saint-Martin-Vesubie, little gray mountain-towns on the steep barren slopes of the Maritime Alps. Or you can skirt the sea, past Beaulieu and Villefranche and Cap Ferrat, to where Monte Carlo rises in princely splendor above the water.

Monte Carlo is not so much a place as an experience—a wide terrace that catches at your throat with the perfection of its beauty, the low white casino where the Goddess of Chance sits enthroned above her gambling tables, an opera that ranks with the best in Europe, and a strange motley crowd of people from the four corners of the world.

And beyond Monte Carlo? Menton and the Italian border. Menton is very nice—picturesque, quiet, delightful. And Italy, too, beckons us on. But Italy is

## Come With Me Through France

for another and, let us hope, a not-far-distant day. So, reluctantly, we turn.

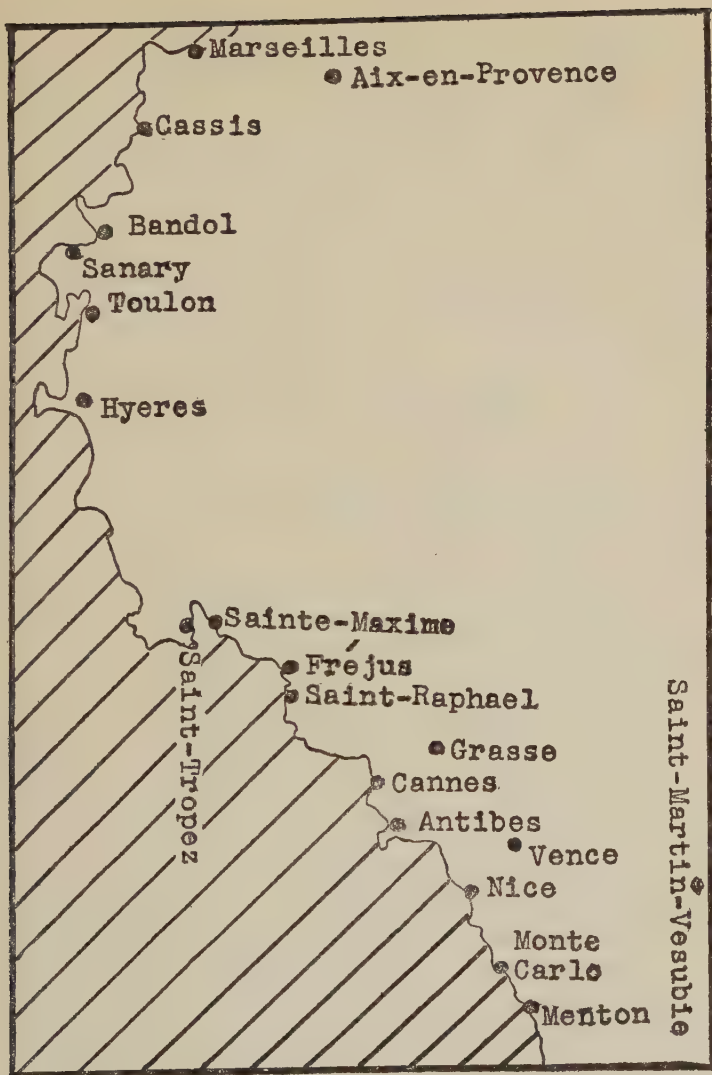
What is it after all, I wonder, this charm that brings us back and back again to the Riviera? It is hard to say. But there is a magic about it—a magic of long lazy days, of friendly summer skies and white sunshine, of carnival, of flower-covered fields and the bluest water in the world.

### SEEING THE RIVIERA

The Riviera, considered from the point of view of the person who does not want to go to Italy, just misses being a blind alley. Wedged in there between the mountains and the sea, a winding, flowery ribbon that stretches from Marseilles to the Italian frontier, it offers little choice in the way of an itinerary. The Riviera is essentially a one-dimensional country; there are only two directions—forward and back. And once you get to Nice there are only three things you can do about it—retrace your steps, go by the P.L.M. bus over the Alpine road to Grenoble, or buy a pair of water-wings and take to the sea.

Seeing the Riviera, then, is not so much a question of an itinerary as of ways and means.

To begin with, the people who go to the Riviera are of two sorts—the ones who go there for two months or three or four, who find a *pension* in Cannes or Nice or Menton and wait for the spring; the others who take the Riviera in their stride—see it, as it were, on the way to some place else, consider it no more than an interlude between Provence and Italy. People of the



## Come With Me Through France

first class regard one place as home and the rest of the Riviera as a series of bus rides; they make a number of fanlike excursions back into the hills—one, perhaps, every Saturday; they see a great deal and very pleasantly, but it takes them all winter. People of the second class can't afford to do this. It isn't that they wouldn't like to. But having, most of them, come abroad for the summer, and having been ruthless about the rest of France, they are prepared to be ruthless about the Riviera. They know that, to paraphrase the old verse—

He who looks and runs away  
Will come and look another day.

Most of the little bus excursions on the Riviera are designed specially for people with an idle winter on their hands. If you take them as they should be taken—a dozen or so during the three months' season, they are interesting. Pack five of them into six days and you would be bored to tears. And so, when the P.L.M. Company offers to take you over the one hundred and seventy-five miles of shore road that separates Marseilles from Nice, to show you, in a single day and for about five dollars—Cassis, Bandol, Toulon, Hyères, Saint-Raphael and the Corniche d'Or, Cannes, Antibes, and Nice, you should be grateful whether you decide to accept the offer, or no. A hundred and seventy-five miles by auto bus in a single day is rather too much of a good thing. So the wiser way would be to go along in a more leisurely fashion, partly by rail, partly by the little narrow-gauge that skirts the coast of the Maures, partly, where it is convenient, by

## What to See

bus. The one section of the hundred and seventy-five miles that you really must do by bus is the hour and a half ride along the Esterel from Saint-Raphael to Cannes. Short trips of this kind are figured out on the basis of fifty centimes a kilometer.

This daily service over the *Route du Littoral* is the only one of all the P.L.M. bus lines that operates the year round. The others, the excursions from Cannes and Nice and Menton, run only during January, February, March, and April. But no matter what season you arrive in Nice you are certain to find auto busses galore—big, long, heavy ones that go to Grasse; rakish, shiny ones that follow the Grande Corniche; old, rattly ones that run back up to the mountain-towns. It would be utterly impossible to list the times and prices of these services—I can only mention what I consider the best of them—you may try them for yourself.

While on the Riviera I should try, if I were in your place, to take as many of the following side-trips as I could:

To Saint-Tropez, by the narrow-gauge railway from either Hyères or Saint-Raphael. Thence, if you have time, to Grimaud and Cogolin.

To Grasse, either by bus or train from Nice or Cannes. Returning by way of the Gorges du Loup.

Over the Grande Corniche from Nice to Monte Carlo, back by way of Eze and the Middle Corniche.

To Cagnes, Saint-Paul and Vence, from Nice, either by tram or bus.

To Saint-Martin-Vesubie, by the little *Chemin de Fer de la Provence*, from Nice.



## Come With Me Through France

To either Sospel or La Turbie, by tram from Menton or Monte Carlo.

*The Riviera in Eight Days.* An itinerary for people who want to see as much as possible and pay no more than they have to.

Eight days, beginning at Marseilles and ending at Nice, which, it may be well to remember, is the southern terminus of the *Route des Alpes*. Total distance—about 460 kilometers.

1st day—By rail to Toulon. Thence by rail to Hyères (s).

2nd day—By narrow-gauge to Saint-Tropez (s).

3rd day—By narrow-gauge to Saint-Raphael, thence by P.L.M. auto bus to Cannes (s).

5th day—To Antibes (s).

6th day—Cagnes, Nice (s).

7th day—Bus excursion to Eze and the Grande Corniche. Returning to Nice (s).

8th day—By tram to Villefranche, Monte Carlo, and Menton. Returning by rail to Nice (s).

Total railway fare, Marseilles to Nice: First class, about \$4.50; second class, about \$3; third class, about \$2. Excursions, etc., by bus and tram, about \$3.

## CORSICA

If you were to climb, on one of those very bright days when the *mistral* had cleared the air, to the shoulder of some barren giant behind Monte Carlo, and were to turn your eyes seaward, you would see Corsica. It would be floating like a small purple battleship upon the southern horizon, infinitely alluring across the miles of blue, sunlit water—like a magic island.

## What to See

There are Americans—I know them, and their name is legion—who regard a trip to Europe as a preparation for a dull winter at home. They take voluminous notes and, on their return, talk learnedly to their friends about the Château de Blank and the mistresses of Louis Quinze. France, to these people, is nothing more than an immense and very complicated Chau-tauqua; Corsica is only a useless appendage, with bad hotels and no history. No history, did I say? And what of Napoleon? What of Theodor von Neuhof, the German adventurer who arrived one day at Aleria with a boatload of ammunition and was thereupon proclaimed king? What of that bloody era of Genovese domination when there were twenty-five thousand murders in a single century and the women of Corte took the oath of chastity “in order not to give birth to slaves”? What of that little marble plaque in Calvi which marks the house where “Christopher Columbus was born”?

But Corsica, to us, is not her history. She is a great green wave tossed up by the Mediterranean—and her towns are like baskets full of tropical fish, strange of shape and bright of color. There is Bonifacio, that clambers over a cliff above the sea and, suddenly becoming liquid, trickles down into a great fissure of the rocks; Bonifacio, with her face toward Sardinia and her colored, triangular sails; Bonifacio, strangest of places, with her tall houses and her narrow, arcaded streets. And there is Calvi, golden Calvi, above her lovely bay; there is Corte, a little mountain-goat of a town; there is Nonza which is gray-blue, and Orta

## Come With Me Through France

which is a sort of bird's nest, and Piana which is salmon-red.

From top to toe, from Cap Corse to Bonifacio, Corsica is garmented in green. Sombre pine forests and upland meadows, and everywhere the *macchie*. It is difficult to describe, this *macchie*, this Corsican furze that covers everything with a carpet of impenetrable undergrowth—you can say that it is green, that it is different from all gorse and more beautiful than all bracken—but you can never explain its charm. All Corsica is like the *macchie*. Many times have I tried to explain its fascination to a friend; never have I succeeded. It all sounds so prosaic and is so far from prosaic. What, for instance, can one say of Bastia—that it is a smaller Genoa, a larger Martigues; that it is quaint, with baroque churches and an old port; that there is a ridiculous statue of Napoleon, stripped to the waist, with a garland of laurel round his brows? How can I tell you of Porto Vecchio? I can say, only, that it is walled and fortified, circled by cork trees, that it is a place of narrow sunless streets and low doorways. And what shall I say of Asco and Saint-Florent and Pino and Murato and Ile Rousse and Vizzavona?

And what of Ajaccio? Napoleon was born there—the conqueror of conquerors—in a little house upon a narrow street. You can see the squares and the quays where he played as a boy—his memory is still alive here at Ajaccio. The town itself is less lovely than it was—there are cottages and villas and an Anglican church (what would Napoleon have thought of that?), and Ajaccio is in a fair way to become a winter resort. But still there is beauty along the water-front—the sea

## What to See

is still blue-green like no water on earth, and still, far inland, you can see the high snow-covered summit of the Monte d'Oro.

### SEEING CORSICA

There is an old and now famous English recipe for rabbit pie which begins "first catch your hare." And were I asked to give, in comparatively few words, a formula for seeing Corsica, I should start off, I think, with a somewhat similar aphorism—"first go to Corsica." This, it must be admitted, is the *sine qua non* of the whole business.

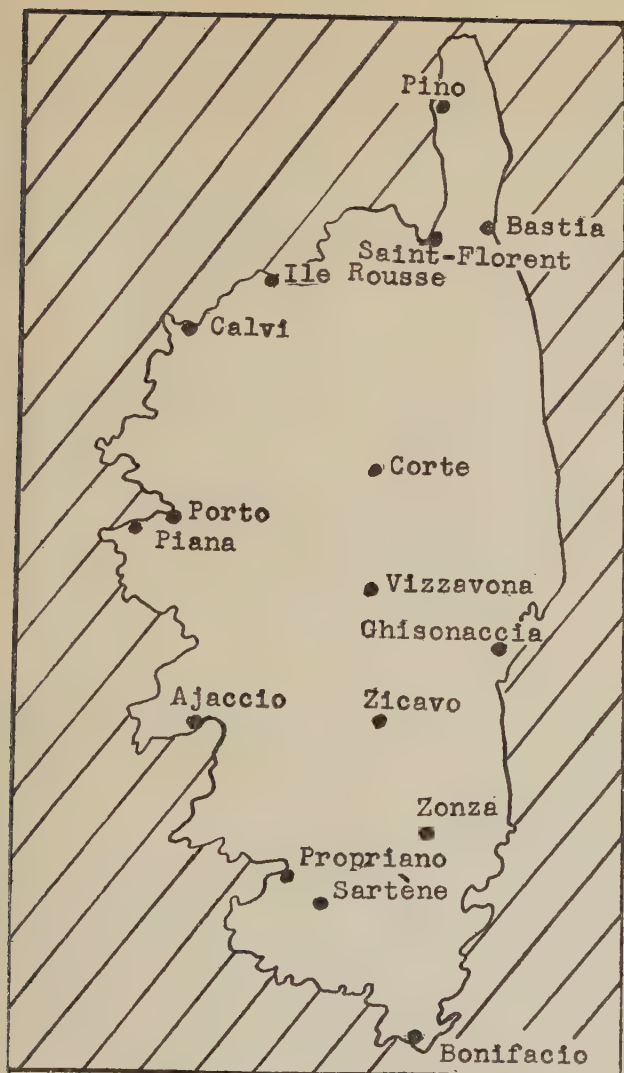
It is possible to go to Corsica simply or with variations; if you are willing to go "deck class" you can make Nice-Ajaccio for a dollar; if you choose to fly from Antibes, it will cost you sixteen. But taken all in all, the best and most reasonable way to go to Corsica is to take, from the Old Port of Nice, the little weekly steamer of the Compagnie Fraissinet—and go first class. It will cost you, including your cabin for the night, about three dollars—second would amount to a dollar less, but first class is well worth the difference. The Gulf of Genoa is a treacherous and hot-tempered little sea—you may start out with the water like oil and get there the next morning with your decks awash—and if a thing of this sort happens, you want everything in the way of room and comfort that you can have.

The average American, seeing Europe in a summer, will not want to devote to Corsica more than a week. For the vacationist, Corsica with her cheap hotels and unexplored countryside, is a sort of paradise; for the

## Come With Me Through France

tourist she is Napoleon's birthplace and a series of bus rides. Granted seven days for Corsica, I should start, if I were in your place, from Nice some Friday evening, arrive at Ajaccio the next morning, see what I could, and sail from Bastia for Nice the following Friday. Needless to say, there are other ways and other times to get to Corsica. There are boats from Marseilles to Ajaccio, from Toulon to Calvi, from Livorno to Bastia. It would take a small book to give the details of these services—and a small book does. It is called the *Guide Général de la Corse*, and you can get it for 1 fr. 50 at any of the principal travel agencies and railway stations. It contains, in addition to the boat services to and from the continent, all railway time-tables, bus schedules, and hotel prices for the island of Corsica.

It is hard for me to lay out any definite plan for a trip to Corsica without knowing something of your resources beforehand. The first- and second-class travelers will go chiefly by the P.L.M. auto busses (I can recommend, in particular, the trip to the Calanche of Piana, one and a half days from Ajaccio, price about \$3; and the Circuit of Cap Corse, from Bastia, a single-day trip which costs about \$2). The third-class traveler will go by rail, taking his side excursions in the postal auto busses, which are cheap and not too uncomfortable, though they often do leave at an ungodly hour in the morning. By one of these, the Ajaccio-Bonifacio trip, for instance, which costs over six dollars in the P.L.M. coaches, can be made for under three. The schedule and the prices of these services are to be found in the little booklet guide of which I have already spoken.



CORSICA



## Come With Me Through France

Here are two specimen itineraries for a week's trip to Corsica. The first, chiefly by sightseeing busses, is for the first- and second-class traveler, and the total cost given includes all transportation from Nice to Nice. The second of the two is for the person who is willing to get up early in order to save money, the person who wants to see a lot and spend a little—the third-class traveler.

- (1) 1st day—Ajaccio.  
2nd and 3rd days—Excursion by P.L.M. bus to the Calanche of Piana—or Circuit of Bonifacio.\*  
4th day—By rail to Vizzavona and Corte.  
5th day—By rail to Ile Rousse and Calvi.  
6th day—By rail to Bastia.  
7th day—Circuit of Cap Corse by P.L.M. bus. Leaving in the evening for Nice.

Total cost, Nice to Nice, \$15.

\* If you take the Circuit of Bonifacio instead of the excursion to the Calanche of Piana, it will add \$3.50 to the total.

- (2) 1st day—Ajaccio.  
2nd day—To Bonifacio *via* Sartène (mail bus).  
3rd day—By boat to Ajaccio *via* Propriano (a day trip of a few hours which can be made comfortably in "deck class").  
4th day—To Piana (mail bus), Piana-Ota-Piana (P.L.M. bus).  
5th day—To Ajaccio (mail bus), by rail to Corte.  
6th day—By rail to Calvi.  
7th day—Ile Rousse, Bastia. Leaving in the evening for Nice.

## What to See

Total cost, Nice to Nice (second class Nice-Ajaccio and Bastia-Nice, deck class Bonifacio-Ajaccio, third class rail), \$10.50.

For a good and very readable book on Corsica, I should recommend *Concerning Corsica*, by René Juta.







PLATE 15

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA



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white, 66

### Y

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THE



END



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# *A Graphic Map* of PARIS









